





CLOSED COLLECTION

UNITY LIBRARY & ARCHIVES  
The fourth in the furnace,  
CLOSED BD 431 .S75



0 0051 0010400 8

*Unity Country Club*



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2025

The  
Fourth in the Furnace



# The Fourth in the Furnace

By  
Stephen B. Stanton

Lo, I see four men loose, walking  
in the midst of the fire.

—Daniel 3:25



Minton, Balch & Company  
New York . . . . 1927

UNITY SCHOOL LIBRARY  
Unity Village  
Lee's Summit, Missouri 64063



COPYRIGHT, 1927,  
BY  
MINTON, BALCH & COMPANY

*Printed in the United States of America by*  
J. J. LITTLE AND IVES COMPANY, NEW YORK



431  
875

## Contents

|                                        | PAGE |
|----------------------------------------|------|
| OVERTONES . . . . .                    | 3    |
| THE HUSK AND THE KERNEL . . . . .      | 10   |
| ENEMIES TO PEACE . . . . .             | 18   |
| SUBSTANCE . . . . .                    | 22   |
| SURFACE AND SUBSOIL . . . . .          | 26   |
| PARTICIPANCY . . . . .                 | 33   |
| THE GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES. . . . .  | 38   |
| FRESH WOODS AND PASTURES NEW . . . . . | 40   |
| VEXILLA REGIS . . . . .                | 47   |
| MAN EMERGENT . . . . .                 | 53   |
| THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS . . . . .    | 56   |
| FULFILMENT . . . . .                   | 60   |
| HEADWATERS . . . . .                   | 65   |
| THE GARMENT'S HEM . . . . .            | 70   |
| ELAN . . . . .                         | 75   |
| SUPREMACY . . . . .                    | 79   |
| TRANSITIONAL . . . . .                 | 82   |
| THE OIL OF GLADNESS . . . . .          | 86   |

|                                         | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------------|------|
| LIFE MOTIF . . . . .                    | 89   |
| SPIRITUAL CONTAGION . . . . .           | 94   |
| CEILINGS AND SKY . . . . .              | 98   |
| THE GRAIN OF GOLD . . . . .             | 104  |
| FALSE GODS . . . . .                    | 108  |
| WEIGHTS AND MEASURES . . . . .          | 112  |
| SOBRIETY . . . . .                      | 116  |
| THE TRUE ATTAINMENT . . . . .           | 121  |
| LIFE AT THE BONE . . . . .              | 124  |
| DETACHMENT . . . . .                    | 129  |
| WORLD WITHOUT END . . . . .             | 134  |
| THE HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS . . . . . | 140  |

The  
Fourth in the Furnace



# THE FOURTH IN THE FURNACE

## OVERTONES

ALAS for those who see only what is, the crowd that take life in the concrete and know nothing of its invisible beauty and joy. Let the acquisitive have "the fruit of their labor," the wealth of the world—from me it subtracts nothing. What I have they would not want, nor through the taking could deprive me of—but only the more confer.

All the impossible things we dream in youth are true—the facts of later life false. Shall the universe be illimitable and not also we: is the profundity of the soul less infinite than the outer universe? In the depths of consciousness is the past still extant, even as it is still visible in the expanses of space.

Immediacy closes the senses and stuns attention: never are we so blind to them as when we "see things as they are." Facts and photographs level life, and belie it. Oh, how much more than sight and hearing

needs perception—how much less! The world goes by us in a dream when awake to its realities: when inwardly alive we are outwardly dead. The real facts are subjectively woven, not objectively come upon; the fabric of the world is spiritual. It is the exact and literal that live in a fictitious world—a world devoid of cohesion, of all that infuses it with meaning and makes it comprehensible and desirable. Poetry is reality, therefore the most practical. But doubtful art is it that makes life-like. Only pictures that idealize depict: our dream of the place is its veriest self. By the poets is the unseen world about us made visible.

Details that detain ruin effect: the circumstance should be self-effacing, and bear witness to "one mightier than I." So long as the eyes take notice, the soul is blind: we do not get far unless we let go. The analytic scares off every inmate of the forest. To revery are the nomenclatures and classifications of the sophisticated an irrelevance: the precise facts and figures are an intrusion upon the larger enjoyment. Amid the great lore of nature is no companionship compatible save the wisdom of the uninstructed or the illusions of myth.

Afternoon adjudges the morning mad. Then is the sense of the whole still ours: we walk a world of enchantment, and life is the garden of youth. The partial, the personal, has as yet no place: the kindling spirit is not yet quenched in details. Morning to

the muses!—one can make Pegasus walk or run any time, but soar at no other. What folly to begin the day by sitting down and reading the history of yesterday, the morning paper. Let us take the siesta, not like the Spaniards for sleep, but to escape the day's somnolence.

We say people are out sunning themselves: in truth they are wandering the fields of Enna, enjoying the companionship of Persephone. The boys a-fishing seek an unfindable Atlantis. Always is ease out gathering infinity, however much it think itself plucking flowers, watching the clouds, sniffing the air. A Golden Fleece indeed do the wool-gatherers bring back.

Perception needs but a minimum to make it happy: to the observant is a step, a stroll enough. Wherever in springtime there is earth, there is ecstasy and deep-seated stir. The muse awaits no exceptional manifestation of beauty—imagination is conjured by the commonest, endowing with all the delight any idyl could confer. Seen in their large significance are little things far-leading: some like to wander, some to let their thoughts wander—the stay-at-home lead often the wider Odyssey. Maps are a flight of the imagination. Of artistic interest is the landscape of existence even in its bleak moods and forbidding aspects. We must cherish the scene in all the devastation nature does to it as well as in the loveliness she bestows. The more we are perceiving, the



more secure our happiness; insight gives us to feel everywhere at home. Drudgery need never befall any one with a soul above it; we are not condemned to our lot but voyagers and discoverers upon the sea of its large possibilities—fate's freemen. Every insight gets glimpses of things too great to handle: how can the world that is so full ever become for us so empty? To the wand of appreciative understanding spring up surroundings unsuspected, a wonderland of delight. We are in possession of a talisman—of which we make what little use.

The spectacle is just this thing called life, not any particular phase of it or place in it. The mere return to consciousness of a morning, the renewing light, the simple sensation of living, the amazing multitudinous movements and sounds, each detail fraught with incident and meaning—commonplace? why, the moment teems with intensity and eternity! Life is a local color, best appreciated by those who have compassed the ends of the earth and bounded experience. Of wisdom comes contentment. In the common lot of man is discovered an illustrious ancestry, a noble lineage, such as is borne by no family tree—through the veins of its humblest exponent runs the royal blood of being, and in the near-by is heard the fanfare of Valhal.

Our words are the expression of what they do not contain, understood by those who read, not between the lines, but behind them. The quick responsive-

ness called forth by some chance remark of ours—how it amazes us. To the illuminative word is comprehension a tinder—imagination bursts into flame at kinship's mere match. It takes a lifetime for mutuality of interests to mature, but congeniality is of mushroom growth. Delightful is the companionship of men whose casual utterance is the scintillation of a central fire, a snatch of living thought, the disclosure of wide horizons.

Association is the little Yale-latchkey to the universe: every contact is of on-rolling suggestion and reminder. By the least things in it may the resonance of the world be called forth. The boatman hangs his lights and the water lengthens them to golden stalactites of beauty. Into what regions of terror or delight will oftentimes some trifling thought discharge. The startling revelation of memory lies not so much in the incidents recalled as in the way we felt toward them: the great phantasmagoria of the mind, the pageantry of imagination, the heavens that opened—these leap out again from the occasion that once made them visible to our soul. To our later sobriety they seem a dream, a drug paradise, that naught but the opiate of youth can induce.

In their connotation lie the true contents of things: their potency is their implication. Texts are tuning-forks. In the voice of the cultured speak what standards. From the cage of our words let us always ask ourselves what ideas are liberated. Precise

phrase delimits, apt phrase expands; the poetic touch is a very pollen of imaginative incitement. Not what is said but the train of thought started conveys the meaning and determines the argument. The substance of music is the emotion it awakens. Men meet in the unseen thought of each other: a winged creature of the imagination is personality, arising from the chrysalis of bodily presence but dispensing therewith. They, the dead, are stars in a mental firmament.

We step into Greece on entering its art—few races so impressed their spirit upon their work. In the gallery of its plastic expression one drinks again at springs Pierian, and scales Parnassus. The days of Pericles are made real to us and we visualize with ease the heroic figures of the Hellenic golden age. Departing hoplites and horsemen for the Peloponnesus pass before our eyes; from the Piræus we watch the ill-fated triremes putting forth for Sicily. Throngs returning from the sacred Games or from high-souled contests of beauty surround us. Out of the great amphitheater pours the reverent audience of a Sophocles or Euripides tragedy. And over all broods the uplifted Parthenon, like an infinite presence silently felt.

Ever the eyes seek out empty spaces for thought to fill; they rest with delight wheresoever the mind finds play. Beyond all seas of expanse lie shores of expectation. Still by the eyes of insight are seen the

mythologies of the imagination. From the sun-lit sea line rise the Nereids of fancy; and in its limpid waters disport themselves the hybrids of heaven. Dimly across its mystic horizon draws the dolphin-borne chariot of some joyous Poseidon.

Not the only truth speaks this broad daylight world of ours—half-lights and darkness are equally reliable media. It is the finite that is definite; through veils of indistinctness we see furthest. The muse is a mole at mid-day, creeping forth when shadows lengthen. Knowledge robs imagination of its wildwood. The chill wind of fact dissipates the generousities of fancy, the day's fixities congeal the fluidities of night. Ten times more terrible are things left to the imagination, ten times more delightful. There are experiences so exquisite that if we are conscious of them they are gone. Is anything so substantial as that which is so elusive it cannot be defined?

## THE HUSK AND THE KERNEL

MEN spend their lives on the preliminaries—to what never comes. Daily our fresh-eyed interest sallies forth, only to find the same old world. Attention is captured by the pressing rather than the important; most of the world's activities consist in mere motion and communication. By the noise of its transport is the import silenced—the whirl of the machinery drowns the music of the spheres. The voice of circumstance outshouts the eternal verities: above their profundity is heard the surface splash.

Upon what petty errands speeds this pageantry of locomotion. We consume more time coming and going than we accomplish when we get there. Great cities are by their congestion brought to a standstill. Instead of increasing the enumerator of acquirement, let us decrease the denominator of requirement. Those who are always doing something miss what makes it worth while doing anything. To get anywhere we must not be on the go. The multiplication of life's spectacle does not add to its meaning—rather does it detract: breadth of mind and width of experience are by no means synonymous. The

more we derive from environment, the less needful its enlargement: the cultured produce happiness at least cost. Impressions beyond possibility of absorption are daily thrown at us—enough! let us digest them into strength, transmute them into value. Shall we bury the yet unassimilated years under still further layers of experience?

Exclude, exclude, shut out. Life is a wealth that is found in the little, lost in the much; the exquisite scent of a single bloom, not the extract from a crushed million. The embarrassment of riches is as bad as poverty, and the world to choose from is a quandary. If money buy me not exemption from the care of it, its benefit is sham; you possess a room, but a house possesses you. New facilities impose new burdens—that take them away. An over-crowded world, our over-burdened lives, cry out for lessened numbers, impressions, possessions; for salvation through simplification. Happiness calls for cessation, for the sanity of rest in place of mad rush; for assimilation, not accumulation. The heart of humanity craves not outward prize but inward peace. The more we have, the more we want—nothing; multiplicity expands experience but denies the enjoyment.

Why always identify increase with improvement, growth in size and number with progress?—how often are they not the opposite. Nor is change necessarily synonymous with advancement—on the contrary, how often is it not retrogression, a failure to

hold fast that which is good. Verily "Thou hast multiplied the nation but not increased the joy." Look abroad upon the world today—the over-population of our cities that makes them unlivable, ungovernable, unsightly; the over-population of countries that compels to emigration, colonization, commercial rivalry, and finally resort to war as sole means of obtaining a place in the sun; the huge industrial expansion, with proletarian classes for consequence. Is any of these cause for congratulation, does any of them spell real progress? Are they not things in spite of rather than by reason of which the world has gone forward—if it has?

We need things that start thought and dream, not that engage attention. The specious surface of fact reflects rather than discloses, deflecting sight from the underlying truth. Only the externals of life speak in the newspaper—those best know the world who do not too closely follow its event. All this broadcasting of inanities, yet wisdom unheard; this widening of life that but makes it the shallower. Rather let us deepen life that there may be aught worthy of communication.

The sum of happiness is increased by subtraction as well as by addition. Happy are we for what we have not. Less often necessary is any positive joy than the mere negations of abstention, abstraction—the absence of something. The wings of imagination need for sweep a circumstantial silence, a visual void.



How overflowing is existence when empty, how empty when filled. We betake ourselves to retirement as to a vaster universe—here first begin the big activities. We understand the temporal only as we see it through the eyes of the eternal: life is a race in which one must drop out to keep abreast. Nature so mutely meaningful, mankind so volubly dumb. Solitude is simply a larger companionship. When we have the world within us, we do not have to go out into the world: those seek escape in circumstance who cannot find it in their own expansive thought. Life is at its happy point when all it asks is to be let alone.

Whom the phenomenal world suffices never attain to the essence of things. Politics, practical affairs, science, move on the surface of life, knowing only two dimensions: religion alone, and art, take life in the cube, dealing with its profundity and eternity as well as with its plane. How subservient to the substance of life are questions of its mere mode; yet do these chiefly occupy the attention of men. The spiritual side of life is bound to be the more important because concerning itself with the more permanent. Matters that become burning political issues, buzzing topics of talk, are seldom of vital interest, having to do with life itself; their significance consisting for the most part in the fact of their discussion, themselves of little moment compared to those we think out in silence, each man for himself.



The real events are not news but are found only in the columns of quiet accomplishment.

Existence is in an uproar over means, indifferent as to ends: its instrumentalities fill the whole view, between which we peer in vain for the vista. How has convention canalized all its exuberant streams, constrained its spreading trees, shut out its expansive skies, reducing existence to a denatured place of stone and cement and bricks. Into what complexities have grown our simplicities. Life is robbed of meaning by its mechanism and routine. Oh, the slow, cumbersome carrying out of the quick, light tracery of conception. By officious little men are effectuated the ideas of the simple great. It should be the business of mankind to embellish life, not to exploit it: everywhere is water running to waste, yet are no fountains flowing. Seeing that nature has produced in us art, what may not art itself produce? From the countryside gain the holiday crowds refreshment, but in the galleries of the muse enlargement and exaltation. The chimneys of utility, the spires of aspiration—which are the non-essentials?

How little chance has the spirit amid the processes of its corporeal maintenance. Set on our feet by food and sleep, and sent forth into the new day, what do we do with its few vivid hours? Like a pencil, all our bodily strength is for mental acumen—and as easily broken. In its mere restoring is it spent—in the winding up of the clock it runs down. If self-con-

sumed, what can life accomplish? To dwell in an atmosphere where the emphasis is on circumstances is atrophy. There are persons who have the faculty of filling life with its unimportance—others of emptying it. Alas the lands where the mountain stream is but a place for the washing of clothes, the sunny shore but exposure for drying them. How much more would ideas and purposes retain their largeness if they did not have to be fitted in between fixed arrangements or compressed to practical demands. Because of its subdivisions contains the day only parts of itself, making us stop and so stop short of the continuous effort that fashions eternal things. Ever will life move in a circle if it is tied to a center, if it must return instead of going on, if it may not cut loose from its line of communications and march boldly to the sea.

Merciless is the succession of material requirements: the ways and means of existence occupy its entire session—under the piled up Pelion upon Ossa of complexity the soul sees the ideal life go glimmering. Oh, the deadening influence of life-giving food. Would we liberate the functions of the spirit we must lessen those of the body, subordinate the material to the spiritual. All the processes of living tend to make us dwell over-much on the immediate and near; instigations to the larger and less definite ends are infrequent and fitful and either brushed aside by necessity or frowned down by expediency. For the

freer motions of the soul is there in the conventional curriculum small place. Men starve spiritually that they may not physically.

Always the cloud of little things obscures the peaks of the great. How are our minds filled with trifles and details instead of with comprehensive ideas and generous sentiments. Having converse with the large, we yet converse of the little; from the glorious freedom of existence we turn aside into its petty enslavements. By over concern for the minutiae we miss often the main thing: thoroughness keeps us from getting through. The local and personal are limitations on universal dimensions: one's self is such a puny foreground to life, it is a wonder there are any egotistical or conceited. Only as we rise above the mists of circumstance do we shine clear. Lofty speech and action are uplifted on great waves of emotion—which they must await; surface incitements can never induce them. Most tempests are in a teapot. Oh, the little mundane duties that blind us to the supreme duty of yielding ourselves to the creative influences that envelop us, of responding to the communicative universe!

The bulk of the world's business simply keeps it from going backward—of importance is what makes it go forward. Men are for the most part occupied in mere upkeep and repair rather than on new creation. Labor-saving devices, instead of saving from labor, have so multiplied numbers as to multiply

needs and thus appropriate all that is saved. Of this illusory sort is much of our industrial advancement, our boasted mechanical millenia. In the new world as in the new population of the world, the young, we see but a reduplication of the old, a regermination of the past, with that slight variation spelling progress, which, however, it takes such destructiveness to effect. If existence have no purpose other than its perpetuation, why perpetuate it? Unless it have meaning why maintain it? More important than to preserve life is to give something to live for—those alone who enhance its value make existence worth while. Its spiritual contributors rather than the purveyors of its necessities sustain life: the world feeds on its exceptional moments and men. What does it profit mankind to gain control over mechanical forces and lose insight? As, on surveying a city, only the fair buildings that above dreary rows of dwellings raise dome or pinnacle or tower play any part in characterizing it or leave any lasting impression on the mind, so is it with men. In antiquity was it thought manly to be beautiful—to create beauty, divine. Rome was strong because structural, Greece immortal because beautiful.

## ENEMIES TO PEACE

THE moment has an irresistible forward movement, and ever rushes on to its own destruction. Once let in the world, and serenity is over. Everything is on its way somewhere else; no sooner do we venture forth of a morning than the day seizes us, and carries us along. Those who give ear to the importunacy of demand involve themselves in an endless struggle; beyond hope of meeting them are the claims upon us. Ability has but to show itself to be pumped dry. Every next has a next—life is an unfillable expectancy: the sea of satisfaction is margined by encroaching, never-advancing waves. Perpetual construction, deferred occupancy—this is the fallacy of greed and ambition, the *fata morgana* of mankind. Countries without a past have only a future; Europe is a heritage, America a hope.

Change ever chases us: the inner vision craves a fixed universe, the outer seeks flux. Restive event, dissolving circumstance, upset the soul's equilibrium and keep it in continual rearrangement. Today's novelty is bound to disturb a yesterday's established order: every happening re-opens prior conclusions and unsettles a preëxisting peace of mind. Attention

will not remain stationary, or move consecutively, but leaps hither and yon—to our mental disquietude.

One's activities press on instead of in. The soul's sinews are tensed with hurry rather than toned by delight: the clenched jaw of effort characterizes us, not the serene brow of complacency. We have only to relax to realize our precipitation. Sun and earth everlasting—the day rushing on so fast; in the midst of an eternity we hasten—because of some foolish errand or the lunch-hour, forsooth. The circumspect keep out of trouble only to be drawn into it by the restlessly active. Ever pushes its way into the sanctity of repose the irreverent crowd of immediacy—into ancient place intrude the upstart day and insolent man. Our great summer peaks are lost in the winter's congestion. It is mid-life with its ambitions that estranges—age brings again the brotherhood that banded youth.

Upon a philosophy of "noble discontent" are all blessings wasted. Instead of stopping to enjoy what with so much exertion we have attained, we but lash ourselves on to further effort. Of satisfactions for which by the world at large we are envied we do not permit ourselves so much as to take cognizance. Though one should not rest on his laurels, may he not at least dwell on them? In the press of experience there is time neither to think deeply nor to feel intensely. The world impoverishes itself to enrich itself; men become the jaded wearers of jaunty costumes.

A million things await the moment—to which shall we give attention? Side-issues and sins sap strength from the main stem. One must give up just so much of life to get his next instalment of income, so is it with experience and accomplishment. Energy has to be fastidious to be fruitful; the fear of forgetting exceeds often the importance of remembering. Power consists not in a greater expenditure of strength, but in the more telling application of it; an apt phrase is a short-cut saving miles of circumlocution. There is an exclusiveness that is not snobbish but merely self-protective: we must refuse the inferior to be capable of the superior—"the good is the enemy of the best." Little prized is a hospitality that does not sometimes hold itself aloof—who never says "no" never says "yes." How can there be emphasis unless we also refrain? Verbose and discursive persons say nothing. Limited are our moments and words—make them count. Let us not spend ourselves in vain.

Oh, all you busybodies and moneymakers, hustlers, bustlers and housekeepers, will you never learn to live rather than exist, to drink in the eternal rather than sip the transient, to soar rather than crawl? Life must be aimless to have destination: not how much can we do but how great make it. Let us fix attention on the hardy growths of the garden rather than on the swiftly fading flowers upon the table. If from the world's activities were subtracted those



that go merely toward undoing what were better undone, what would be left? How much more conducive to welfare are omission and restraint than most commission; how much more well-timed in most cases receptivity and passiveness than any interference or aggression. All honor to those who do not add to the world's troubles—and keep theirs to themselves; but to those who lessen them, what praise is sufficient? God does not need His creation supplemented so much as seen into, desires our insight rather than our help; craves our intelligences; wishes less our work than the appreciation of His. In Benedicites of perceptive participancy lies the fulness of life, not in our little compartments of accomplishment. If we could begin the day with music, we should not wrangle the rest of it. As if the lovely motions of the soul were only for the exhausted, left-over hours and not for the vivid, robust ones as well! There are days and scenes when it seems sacrilege to do aught but attend—surely has nature at such times some disclosure to make, and how shall we hear unless we let it speak? Does it not seek in us a listener, an understanding soul in whom to confide? What indeed is the mind but a sensitized plate set up in time-exposure before eternal event? Creativeness is basically a deeper receptiveness, a keener susceptibility: every great outgift is preceded by a period of profound absorption.



## SUBSTANCE

HOW different the cubic reality from the plane of any depiction of it. Into trite phrase experience keeps cramming fresh import, substituting first-hand for hearsay. The life-giving quality of the creative lies in piercing the surface-seeming of things to the substance: the poet revitalizes words and resuscitates language; the artist portrays intrinsically, freeing from conventional context. All progress comes from those who do not take the accepted view nor accept the world as it is: literature, art, science, were silent but for such as look at life *de novo*.

Knowledge is theory, but personal experience is a laboratory test. Life is sailed by a dead reckoning that but for the confirmation of vigilant outlook and frequent soundings easily lands us on the rocks. The grim laws of ethics are obscured rather than heightened by their social or religious veneer. Spiritual growth is the gradual transition from a God of tradition to a God of experience. Always through the mist of generality looms for us suddenly the fact.

Life is susceptible only of subjective mensuration; in the sphere of actual experience is many an abstract

truth refuted. No description is faithful that omits color—narrative can leave out as well as put in too much detail to be intelligible. "Vital statistics"—as if there could be such! Though twice two apples make four apples, yet do they not necessarily double the pleasure nor indeed produce an impression of quite the same sort, number introducing qualitative as well as quantitative change. The divergence between concepts of life and the concrete living of it is observable on every hand, and accounts for the reality's many surprises.

Because never wholly fitting any one instance are generalizations oftentimes for practical guidance a will-o'-the-wisp, giving rise to false expectations and illusory quest. Composite are most ideals, therefore impossible of attainment. The particular is always the general plus something, the general the particular minus something. Hence the so frequent impotence of principles as deterrents, men practicing specifically what they condemn generally. Fancied immunities exempt us, however much fate's finger may level at us "This means you!" By the impetuous moment are the prudent hours set at naught.

What we have not traversed emotionally as well as mentally we have not lived. Within this stale old world of surroundings are found such unsuspected new worlds of experience. One's capacities are called forth less by conspicuous occasion than by an intimate relationship or relevancy. A new philosophy

is another locality: each day makes the world a different place. With the years there comes into being within this same body of ours a new creature, out of this same face looks another spirit.

To each is the common lot a separate experience: the outward monotony of existence is inwardly a variety of impression. Whatever we respond to vitally we react on differently. Remember, when the prizes all seem to go to others, unfairly, there is reserved for you a special prize unattainable by any one else—peculiarly your own. No more for the capabilities denied than for the riches should one feel regret: does not contentment with one's lot include acceptance of one's own limitations also? Let us not strive for the personally impossible, nor covet powers which, however general to others, are withheld from us: some essential growth, still hidden from sight, may well be drawing the sap from our unburgeoning branches, and repay us yet with unforeseen efflorescence. Let us abide the indiscriminate favor of heaven, the unique nourishment of earth; let us rejoice in any note of novelty wherewith it is ours to vary the commonplace, any characteristic fragrance we may cast upon the air, any added touch of beauty we may lend the scene. In our profusion will our deprivations be no more thought of.

There is in every one a something to which, whatever happens, he may turn; something that whatever else fails stands firm, some conscious citadel. The

world may reel about us, yet here is steadiness to clutch; here after every blow of fate is survivorship that takes hold again—some undaunted hopefulness that will be up and doing. This, be it what it may, is the central fact and faith of our existence, of which only then we learn the strength, the sweetness.

## SURFACE AND SUBSOIL

FEW matters wear their due of importance. Every incision spurts surprise. Things are tricked up in a seeming that belies their truth: the real form of existence is disguised by its garments. From the idealism of intention are we diverted by the mechanism of performance. Vital purposes are forgotten in fussy solitudes, results swayed by incidents; opportunism is rampant. The tail wags the dog. Instead of to intrinsic standards the world looks to position and social standing for confirmation. The greatness of occasion is belittled by its conventional accompaniment.

Life is a still unexplored locality when we come to leave it: we die with possibilities but half exploited. For its full enjoyment are no special conditions or great possessions requisite—the smallest instance serves for generalization, the universe is contained in its every square inch. Anything that makes us understand ourselves is gain: no matter that we forego or fail, if only we feel. One is well repaid if his unsuccessful attempt have given insight into others' achievement, his baffled reaching out after beauty

opened to him the beauties of the world. Whatever quickens the powers of appreciation enlarges life and lengthens it—no experience that does this can be other than a success, however much it may be rated a failure. Those who never make any mistake make the biggest of all.

Habitation blinds us. We notice not the atmosphere we breathe. Familiar surroundings, wonted tasks, require like our problems a break, an interval, in order to assume their true aspect and proportions. Not what we have is vivid, but what we haven't; presence is diffuse, absence concentrated. With unsealed eyes we return from travel. New things and things anew are alike in that both speak intrinsically, free of association and reminder. Merely by doing another way, going the opposite direction round the block, shifting the furniture, are meanings restored and revaluations effected. What a different world we can make it by the way we meet it.

Against the background of their negation are the blessings of life known. Oh, the million little rills that go to make up the stream of happiness, each so negligible when flowing, so noticeable when not. Insensibility and unobservance lose us an infinity of joy. Experience is a monotony in which attention awakes all of a sudden to a note long sounding. Now that I feed I know I was starved. Death gives emphasis to lives about us as the ticking of the clock is heard first when it stops: people who are non-

existent while living become living when they die. Not at the time do internal crises outwardly alter life, but later, and to our surprise: the surrounding stability, whether of social structure or personal environment, always gives way at an unexpected point. Under disappointment we fall back upon the fundamentals—and marvel at the constancy of joy and that we should needlessly have disquieted ourselves. In the great rôle it is to play has youth ever relative values for incentive: the plaudits of familiars, the triumphal home-coming, the personal acclaim. When the goal is reached, where, alas, are these, or of what concern? All that remains is the absolute value of the achievement, the intrinsic satisfaction—reward abundantly requiting.

So unsuitably are souls encased in bodies—oh this hateful exterior we carry about with us that so belies us! Knowing the deceptiveness of our own appearance, how is it that we still judge others by theirs? Back of every countenance that accosts us is the unspoken soul. Men are what they emanate, not what they can be itemized into: one's intimates come to seem the mere embodiment of their qualities, encompassed as it were by an aura of the ideal they suggest. As the spiritual aspect of our friends becomes visible, their physical ceases to be. Only those persons who reconcile our real with our apparent self like us—or we them. Not superior insight is it but purblindness that reads into the greatness of men



some littleness with which it chances to be familiar: the hero is unharmed by his valet's opinion of him. Our loss of illusions is due less often to keener vision than to closer range.

In almost every particular is the world about us different from what we think it—why then should we be so incredulous? Life calls on us to believe not less but more. To an informed intelligence unlikelihood ceases to be a deterrent from belief—rather, at times, to have a persuasive force if there be otherwise an inherent propriety of truth. Of very doubtful existence is reality itself, and the births and deaths that take place therein are of still more doubtful attribution to the mind that envisages them.

Oh, that we could get the accustomed aspect of things out of our eyes—see as a new-comer, drop in on ourselves as strangers, be visitors from Mars. Then would the least incident delight us, life's veriest platitude amaze. Not so much do men deny the supernatural as that it happens supernaturally. Nightly upon the retina of the eyes arrives an extinct, prehistoric starlight—by its commonplace is the marvel thereof any whit diminished? In the wireless transmission of messages, the projecting of aerial vibrations to great distances, was the popular imagination stirred as by the miraculous; yet how far exceeding in wonder is the transmutation of those vibrations into sound itself by the mind. Through what magic is this accomplished—what miracle takes

place beyond the ear? Who is the mystic listener that confers on these mere modes of matter the meaning, the color of life we call music, call speech? Do the brain's processes—the chemical changes that accompany thought, the reticulate nerve net-work of its structure—bring us any nearer understanding the mental alchemy by which these are converted into imagery and emotion and reason?

Such a universe the consciousness—so narrow one's round! We note the scholar's ungarnished study, his dreary routine, his limited bounds; but we do not detect the richness within, the wider sweep of imagination, his divine freedom. "Yours the semblance," would to a contemptuous world be his retort, "but see, mine the substance!" Cosmopolitanism is of the mind, not the gift of travel—in fixity find how many the greater flight. Scarred, bare, bleak, the hillside often that has the heavenly view.

It takes a lifetime to learn that eminence is not in the circumstance but in the soul. One may dwell at the very palace-gates of greatness, yet be no wiser for what goes on therein. Eyes behold the incident but miss the event. The way to keep in touch with the world is by keeping in touch with life itself, by being conversant with the timeless and essential. Nothing speaks with authority save truth. Not the deeds of the illustrious are to be studied but their point of view: discipleship does not imitate but shares. It may well be that greatness is afoot and

nothing to show for it; to this testify how many a premature genius, how many a posthumous fame. Ever tardiest is spiritual maturity: late-flowerers are oftentimes the richest blooms.

For triumph it is not necessary that we should win: the marketability of one's life concerns the body more than the spirit. We are characterized by the kind of mind that dwells in us rather than by the degree of it—it matters not the arena but the mettle displayed. Men often show statesmanlike qualities in private life that if publicly exercised would have general acclaim. Instinctively the sense of the perfect runs to smaller affairs because life is there more under control. In conduct the manner is itself the matter: the soul's reactions are of like quality to little occasion as to large. "Thou hast been faithful over few things, I will make thee lord over many" is the edict of life itself: the course of the world confirms the essentially good—the right mind, the courageous attitude. The mediocre merely succeed, but those who excel have an intrinsic mastery.

These petty daily doings of ours are in themselves of little importance, but the consciousness that accompanies them is of the utmost. From such few chance experiences have we to gather all the possibilities, from our few years of life glean an eternity of existence; out of our commonplace elicit the ideal, through material contacts and activities develop the spiritual, from our bodily imperfection summon

forth the angelic being. Little the sphere and short the time in which so much seems to be expected of us; the now or never of opportunity is an instant exhorter and reminder.

Only to eyes that within the conventional see the human, inside the circumstance perceive the essence, beneath the fact find the truth, is existence revealed—eternal in form, transitory in substance. Great literature portrays a timeless landscape, which experience increasingly makes a familiar one. Amid the masterpieces of sculpture how much more living are the figures without life than the living that look at them. God is the fusion of time and eternity: in the creations of art is the immanence of religion.

## PARTICIPANCY

STAY without, would you enter; approach no further than the portals of appreciation. In obtaining the whole view there is lost the half view that was so alluring. How often is the fulfilment of hope the defeat of happiness. We are hounds that are at our best when starving. From the shade let us enjoy the sunshine, not expose ourselves to its favor. Distantly seen are the Delectable Mountains. To youth how large is the world, how small its part therein. Oh, the fat dowagers of satisfaction that dash all our ideals. If we were not so anxious to realize our dreams, might we not retain them?

The traveler is a skater on thin ice: to maintain his world he must keep moving. The glamour of the foreign is over once we seek to perpetuate it: though we thrive when set out in its air, we do not take root in its soil. Men float like birds on the unstable moment or circumstance, mistaking its ephemeral wave for fixity. The holiday is one for us only so long as the rest of the world does not take it.

In what it suggests rather than accords lies the charm of the Riviera. The palms and the sea and

all the Algerian strangeness of the scene are a Tantalus cup that yet requites. Here are tropics in their incipency, therefore at their fullest of enchantment. The northern background affords the exhilaration of contrast and adds an intensification of delight. We are on the edge of a satisfaction that turns not to surfeit, and realize dreams without loss of their illusion. Across azure seas of separation one looks toward the withheld hemisphere of the South, and breathes the spices of a delicious unattainment.

Let us not be holden by what we behold. Things are excessive when they cease to be suggestive, when they become absorbing. In the idea is the substance; what ownership can equal the riparian rights of contemplation? The appreciative hold the title-deeds to existence. The beauty, the meaning of things is not an object, that can be appropriated; but a relation, the perception of which is poetry—a common possession. The real riches know neither rivalry nor monopoly but are increased rather than diminished the more they are shared. Of the only worth while things none can rob us.

Propinquity holds us at arm's length. We are truly contemporary only to what we have outlived. Nothing is visible until looked back upon: existence is not extant till over. Youth devours the present because it has no memories to feed on, but maturity has the full-spread repast. Only then are things really possessed when imaginatively apprehended:

hence the poverty of youth amid its profusion, the greater youthfulness of age. The mother, not the child, lives its childhood. As the circumstantial past dies, the essential past begins to live: however painful the process by which the present becomes the past, yet for vividness, for possession, what period is comparable to it? Rarely by contemporaries are written the living histories; creators and commentators are not of the same day and generation.

Appreciation looks up and down, backward and forward—seldom level or around. Attention is a very theatre program of futurity in which only with difficulty is found mention of the present performance. Incognito travels opportunity, wearing ever a disguise. Nothing is to its co-evals; the translucence of the waters is not beneath the direct rays of the sun. Oh, these self-depreciating days that live under an illusion of better to come—or gone. The past acquires what it never had. What does regret for old times amount to but a wish to recover what when we had it we did not prize nor would if we had it again? Ever lies felicity afar; the past was in turn just such a self-dissatisfied, forward-facing present as is to-day. The spell of distance is the mind's refraction; sacred memories are an afterglow.

In the midst of things, in the thick of event, meditation finds its material but not its opportunity: the scene of action is not the point of perspective. In the turmoil one cannot stop and see the intrinsic.



Let us contain the world, not the world us. Participation entangles judgment, and robs it of independence—the moment is an advocate, not a judge. Men seek not the truth so much as supports for their view of it. Unless impersonal is opinion untrustworthy: the listener or onlooker rather than the performer is competent critic. Shun the forefront—prefer a foreground: above all prerogative or pride of place is the privilege of being observer, unobserved. As in the woods, if we do but keep quiet, little animate things steal out, shy life shows itself, so at slight remove is the world best seen. “Be still and know that I am God.”

The real participants are those who sympathize and comprehend. We bring to pass by our attitude more than by our acts—we make things go right by the spirit we evince rather than by the efforts themselves. Progress is growth, not push: the product of life is not its produce. All you’ve got to do is to be. Instinctively moves the vivid perception of wrongs to their removal: not only is the world of ideals more satisfying in itself but the sole cure and corrective of the world about it. From the ideal to the actual there exists a natural transition: the sense of the beautiful both *is* heaven and ushers it in.

What deeps of the soul well up in quiet that the shale of circumstances overlay. When we close the eyes the recesses of the subconscious open out—upon their darkened lids is thrown an inner illumination.

Night brings counsel because of its circumstantial exclusion. Oh blessed silence that suppresses the trivial and lets the important speak. Eventlessness is often the greater event; then take place the syntheses, the composites, of existence. Instead of items we live totals, are shown summations; instead of acting we are. From the depths rather than from the surfaces must thought be drawn would we have it limpid and refreshing. The narrow environment, the universal note: out of their sequestered lives sent forth the poets what heaven-sweeping words. We cannot move without giving emphasis to circumstance—travel throws it at us in its most troublesome form. Nowhere save in art is there a circumstantial variety lacking the disturbances of actual life. Think you the birds' song were full of dream and vision were they not dwellers of the air? Let us make our trips on the map to enjoy them. The pipe-dreams of imagination are the enduring essence of things that were themselves the passing dream. Only in some California of the soul is found the climate of perpetual spring.

## THE GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES

THE future is always in headline, the present in small type. Every generation stops short of its promise, leaving fulfilment to a later: the mornings of magnificence lead not to the expected glory. Oh, the possibilities before us!—behind us, oh the facts! The impulsive are metals that both heat and cool quickly. Youth wears colors and is one, age is clad in its own gray. Every spring-hope goes over into summer disappointment and autumnal fruition.

Power is at an end if it cease to overrate itself; the loss of illusion is the death of art. Self-confidence liberates capabilities—the lack of it is a panic that paralyzes them. Better conceit than a poor opinion of ourselves. When we no longer imagine ourselves some one else, age has set in. In fiction we live the life we cannot lead. Everything great happens under the stress of suffering or of joy. Grief engenders a resilience of soul, as in winter is hatched the conspiracy of spring. We take our decisive steps in some fit of discouragement, some burst of exuberance—an exaggeration of one kind or another. What enthusiasms, what youthful ecstasy, display the imme-

morial skies of sunset, the ancient May-time earth.

The judgment of morning is biased by the optimism of energy. Youthful ardor cools as it realizes the antiquity of its discoveries. All growth has a giant's stride. The crescendo of light, the decrescendo of darkness, both affect us alike—any more or less seems without limit, and impresses us infinitely. Men suffer from an inability to believe in the coming of reverses, yet from hopelessness when they come. Conditions always presume their continuance. We should be pessimists when we buy, optimists when we sell.

Life requires of us an accommodation not only to the unaccustomed but to the incredible. Never would today come to pass were it foreknown. Forecast so far exceeds the foreseeable as necessarily to be unbelievable. No prophecy ever yet selected conventional mouthpiece—there will always be something "singular" about the new truth. The past forever teaches an impossible future.

## FRESH WOODS AND PASTURES NEW

LET us not live over the good old days but live them again. By new experiences are the old repeated. Revival is through renewal—we return in going forward. Life is the same river though other water. We shall regain, not indeed the lost object, but our lost happiness.

In vain at its former source seek the inspiration. With cold eyes looks the muse upon the circumstances of its erstwhile kindling. Who such stranger to us as our past self? Maturity meets early companions with incomprehension. The scenes of youth without the sunlight of youth one flees in terror. In revisiting places of cherished memory there stands ever alongside of old occasion some later ideal that draws us back to the present day. Thus is it that those who have traveled for years become content with their own fireside.

First impressions are the cream, continuance the skimmed milk; the flush of novelty beautifies the cheek of fact, then fades. Imagination sees out the corner of the eye. To the light touch, not to the heavy, is yielded the exquisite essence; to the tran-

sient, swift glance rather than to the insistent gaze is the gift. Not perpetuation but succession is the way of continuity. Time will not stand still long enough to let us look at it—today slips through our never so tightly clutched fingers into yesterday. Ever in new guise appears before us the old purpose. Though the spring may have gone out of our step, it is from no abatement of energy—interest has simply moved onward, and inward; the magic lure of incentive pipes to other fields, and strength blithely follows.

All progress comes of passing a fresh mind over the stale world, over our stale work. On the *tabula rasa* of the mind are written its morning hopes and eagerness. Wherever freshness fans thought it kindles. Youth and Spring are the perpetuators of the world's optimism. Did we but take life *de novo*, we should remain ever young: the burden of the years is spiritual, not physical. Those who answer "adsum" to the roll-call of the present have within them the fountain of perpetual youth.

We could not live could we not fancy and forget: by the one we expel the exhausted air already breathed, by the other inhale the fresh; by the one lock out the level already traveled, by the other let flow in that ahead. Freedom from memory's *onus* is part of youth's outfit; retrospection easily becomes mere reiteration, old meanings and impressions gone over and over to the exclusion of the new—therefore death. There were no lightness of heart in the world

were there no oblivion, and did not life daily spread a new surface.

The unfamiliar is a needful salt. Oh, give me to be the free pedestrian, not the fixed inmate of wealth or position. Everywhere are seen heads out of windows, watching. Truth is always an itinerant, pitching its tent where dreams are fluent. Without its vicissitudes, existence would lack its small delights: on tideless shores there are no shells. Annuities of assurance cloy; what is not deciduous has no springtime. Let us shun the places worn threadbare of novelty.

No longer has the accustomed any echoing largeness, any resonance of meaning; but a new experience awakens the overtones of existence. Every unwonted act brings us into unexpected relationships, that have unforeseen consequences. It is this geometrical progression of life that enables us to attain its arithmetically impossible positions. To the end and outcome of the unventuresome one easily sees, but cannot set limits to the career of those who do and dare. Since each moment gives us new impetus and direction, who shall say whither bound? Not anything like the past from which we deduce it will be the future: let us not project yesterday into tomorrow. Always some unexpected new factor upsets calculations; statistics are astigmatic. How little a change involves what great ones; the wide divergence, initially how small. Let but some new understanding of natural forces or new



method of dealing with them arrive, or let some social revaluation come into existence, and away goes our familiar world; and in its place rises up one we never dreamed of. Easy of comprehension become to us the ruins of antiquity. Prophecy is static—event unfolding; history and science are no criteria of the future. Everything, everywhere, keeping to invariable laws, yet we cannot forecast them, conform to them, avoid them.

Any new insight is a new rush of energy—a Klondike, an Oklahoma boom, a stampede. To take life afresh is to start going the feet of impetuosity, making Hermes-shod the slow pace of enterprise. No mere defiance can break away and become tangential to the world's compulsion, but only an impulse that feels a more potent sun of attraction and rushes irresistibly on a wider orbit of subservience. Initiative is always response to a newly implanted obedience; every great event dates from some re-alignment of factors.

Life is filled with variety through the variation of its aspect; in course of time we acquire every one's point of view. Experience has its every phase: the sunlight that now we seek, how soon we avoid. Because of new associations with them, the same things come to seem different; in life it is the foreground that is fixed, the background that is changing. Experiences are continually re-lived under other reactions to them—what we thought to have exhausted

the meaning or enjoyment of acquires a wholly fresh one. Day in, day out, year after year, is derived from similar conditions a varied nourishment. The young and the old from an identical environment extract values of infinite difference. Insight re-covers threadbare existence: it is the old things touched with new emotions that makes the novelty of the world. Still has this immemorial earth moods never before revealed with which to surprise us. Faster than it empties refills our world—perception adds more than time takes away: a larger present, a lengthening future, are the heritage of the passing years. The new births of experience exceed its deaths, tending to keep life undepleted and happiness constant. Of childhood's delight are only the circumstances denied us: every adventure, every untried path, is the trumpet, the elf-land of youth once more. No April but wakes the Walden in me.

More than the skies change they who cross the seas. With each new place another set of proportions seizes us. It is from troublesome thoughts or constrictions of standard that we run away in travel. Among strangers is one no longer stood up and classified; we take on a wholly different status away from home. Unbelievable is the extent to which our ideas of right and wrong are derived from the attitude around us: a new order seems to prevail when we go abroad, or on a Sunday, or in war-time. Now and again in life some altered scale of values reduces our aims to

nothingness and makes all former purposes appear vain.

Intervals of time are mental distances. The world has shifted every time we look at it. Never a morning but the advent of the mail or the newspaper tumbles the accustomed world about our ears. Each day must adapt itself to a new situation. Into what strange new territory is time taking us. Old wisdom needs ever new pointing out: the on-coming generation has to learn over again the lessons of predecessors—from its own lips. Such is the re-making of truth that the spirit no more than the body has here an abiding city. In the world of thought, as in the external world around us, we see everywhere abandoned bridges, structures not strong enough to support modern travel. More disconcerting than any change in circumstances is age that alters their aspect. This familiar earth becomes to us an alien place.

Always by new situations are fulfilled the balked purposes of the old—the rearrangements of time's kaleidoscope are amazing. Our difficulties are overcome through ceasing to exist: our blank walls not battered down but circumvented. Correction consumes life—later we return to the same spot with an accession of strength and go forward: a new impetus clears the bars that so long baffled us. There are mornings when it seems as if we could go back and pick up all the loose threads of thought and continue long interrupted occupations. Eventually our tasks

get done by reason of being set before us in the light of opportunity. These things that we hate—is it not due to an easily removable association, an imaginary lion in the path? How often some mere word or desk difficulty dams the current of our thought, some petty blockade stems the onrush of activity. Religion is less a mode of living than an outlook on life: old habits, like dead oak-leaves, hang on till pushed off by new ones. One day we arise with the distance in our eyes, and all the staying, stagnant near-by is suddenly of no importance—we brush it aside, and pass on to some far-seen objective.

## VEXILLA REGIS

LIFE is a banner that droops unless borne onward. Energy requires the impulsion of youth or spring or some other great hope. Let us travel along with existence at its full, living ever where it is in season, in blossom. There is always something we can do that will keep life at high pitch and vision open. Anticipation is a soaring plane, reminiscence a captive balloon. Because light-burdened are first flights of the imagination highest. From the desolation of the past is one always driven precipitately back into the arms of a palpitant present. The progressive do not concern themselves with tracing a descent but found a succession.

The light ahead streams through stain-glass windows of hope, and suffuses all to come with an aurora of expectancy. There is something about the returning day, the renewing year, that is unprecedented. All novelty is tip-toe with suspense, and pictures chimeras. Promise gives us to taste possibilities beyond performance: the break in the sky is a deeper glimpse of heaven than any cloudless blue. An imaginative creation it is off which the ecstatic air wafts

in at the young soul's window. Always stir our nameless dreams and strivings in the morning, before day has shown its definiteness, while yet its promises are undisproved, ere it imposes its dimensions on all we do and stamps its brevity upon our infinite undertakings. With the sun in the ascendant we are boundless: ours once more the primal days—instinctive affinities revive, extinct ardors break out again; the mad-cap of the morning fills the veins with youth, the heart with exultation. Restored strength, crescent light—these make young gods of us, and earth heaven.

For its possibilities rather than for its facts is life valued: imagination looks on what isn't there, not what is. Oh give me to long for, not to have—what we possess is emptied of appeal. Fain would fulfilment have the anticipation back again: under attainment's garish light the zest fades. At what prosaic dock or depot arrives ever the romantic traveler from afar. No longer have we any heart for an enterprise the reward of which we have tasted in advance—and often fail to bring it to pass. Futurity is the sunlight on far-off peaks, fruition the glary pavement at our feet. The unattainable is the true satisfaction; no worth while search attains its end. We must strive toward, not for. What lure had the Happy Isles could they have been located? Paradise were indeed lost if found.

While yet undefined have ideas their greatest po-

tency—the thought, still groping after formulation, moves us most. The definite has cut itself off from possibilities and draws no longer on the exhaustless supplies of energy. A conscious range must our shaping and ripening processes have exceeding anything they compass. If intent merely on product, we are unproductive; the too purposeful fail to attain. Nothing is capable of self-observation—introspection is a deafness that hears its own pulse. Analysis kills the world it would contemplate, dissection deals with a cadaver. Events still in the making, movements while still afoot, cannot be characterized nor their outcome foretold: a silence covers all essential action—over and done with is it when words can bound and describe and give it place. Creative lives never allow themselves to be brought under any distinct category, and pending inner development resent outward classification. The great qualities of soul live in suspension, and lessen as they take shape and form: the Samson locks of their strength are shorn in confinement.

All live imaginatively a world which their conditions deny. The boy in tatters devours a tale of riches; the staid clerk pores over the sporting page. Locked in by some small key of diffidence what emotion and sentiment lie imprisoned behind the mask of the cold and taciturn. Many a little snow-capped spinster is a very volcano of sentimentalism and romance.



Whither we are going, not whence we have come, is home. The soul's nostalgia expresses itself in aspiration rather than in retrospection. All men work, as the troubadours sang, to some ideal. God is our forward movement, self our survival. Disappointing always is the world around us—remains only to live in a world as it might be, a world as one can think it, a world "above," art. The soul lives in its onward attempts, its desire to make things better—its vision of a celestial city. We have life only as we keep in touch with its greatness. "While I breathe I pray."

By the consciousness of our potentialities are we sustained against the condemnation of our facts. Objectively looked at we shrivel—only subjectively can we stand ourselves: we see our incompleteness rounded out by intention. In our ideals lies our reality. We ourselves know our worth, others only our current value. We bear no resemblance to our faces—our life long have we to fight against misconceptions and false measures of us. The mainspring of our work is a person who believes in us. The steadfastness of a mother's love is a prolongation of her nursing, protective instinct. All a woman's caprice to her lover goes over into constancy toward her child. Love is blind because insight.

As annually we behold the great introit of nature, so is youth the rebirth of the gods. In the progress of existence there is reached always a point where

reinvigoration must give place to rejuvenation. Life takes, in the young, a bath of oblivion and makes a fresh start—unclouded by sorrow, unburdened by care, undiscouraged by defeat. Not alone through improvement is the world's betterment accomplished but through replacement as well: effete civilizations are swept away, antiquated religions not purified but superseded. Those who would hold fast and detain but waste themselves against universal forces that will it otherwise, and merely move against the current that yet carries them along. Even the immortality of art is stricken with the mortality of its occasion: the day will have its own Homer and Dante—albeit a less lofty. Men will no more submit to a silent oracle and closed heaven than believe the day of miracles over. The living God, think they, is ever one that is alive, and better repays listening to than being told about. Each generation of experience demands its place in the sun.

We beget not repetition but a new series. The old line is not continued but a new dynasty set up. Continuity is revolution. The economy of the universe avoids duplication. Not twice will your thought come to you in the same garb. Seize the phrase while you may—it is irrevocable. The shift of thought's kaleidoscope brings in fresh combinations. Consciousness is a stream, not standing water.

On and on glides event, endless of process if not eternal in goal. Time itself is eternity. In the on-

ward moment, the changing event, the waxing and waning form, dwells an abiding principle, unvarying, constant. Not in the finale is this to seek but within us now: the ultimate is the intimate. It is in the beginning as well as in the end; there is nothing to come that has not been, and is. Today, yesterday and forever is our God: "I am from the beginning." We suffer from far-sight: employ telescopes and eschatology where we need the introspection of insight, the microscope of meditation. Through our psychologies shall we enter God's presence rather than out among the stars and upon the Milky Way; instantly, not merely at the latter day before the judgment seat.

This surface of mortality that sweeps over ever-living existence, these clouds that pass across its blue, these leaves that now clothe, now denude the tree of life, these million forms that harbor the one soul of mankind, these births and deaths that keep the face of nature fresh, this tide of time that is a single sea of being, these individual steps that are a measured march, this conflict that is unison, this dissonance that is harmony—all are the ceaseless, limitless variety that alone can express a spirit infinite. The chronicle men call history is event's minutiae, the record of an hour, a note-book entry. The day is but a throb in the great heart-beat of time.

## MAN EMERGENT

OH, the infinite needs of a finite being! Verily is there within us some god. Confronted on every side by death, we claim immortality; hemmed in by condition, cut short by time, demand the infinities; in the power of circumstances, assert lordship over them. Vanquished, we claim victory—in the teeth of despair, hope—refute fate; by an untenable optimism evince the mind's heroism.

All these years have I been carrying about this consciousness of mine on these two feet, and calling it myself—as if I did not know it to be something impersonal and universal, making use of me for purposes beyond my purview. The mind is the seat of a sublime guest, the residence of an august visitor—who refuses all information of himself. We are in the possession of a self-executant God, envisaging and enlarging through us His universe, causing His kingdom to come on earth as it is in heaven—namely, as it lies in our expanding minds, as it ideally is. Because He is all, with Him are to will and to do, to plan and to carry out, one and the same—subjective and objective are merged. Separate and apart

from His creation could He, therefore, not possibly exist.

Stupendous is man's cosmic place. Located in the midst of an unfathomable universe is he, link in an endless chain of event, bordering on a spirit-world of which his mind is but the fringe; atomic, yet participant; individual, yet seized of the whole *per my et per tout*—co-tenant in an unpartitioned message of existence.

Man looks out into space, and sees himself the sole spiritual creature therein—no spiritual competitor or companion. He is not an object in the universe but its subjective soul, a consciousness containing it, comprehending and controlling it, analyzing and adding to it, rearranging it, imposing upon it his will. The skies look down, the earth looks up, the seas look in, and receive from him their qualities and characteristics—through him God still reviews creation and sees that it is good. Physically is man the center of the universe, whether terrestrially so or not. Though earth be but one of a million whirling planets, the pivotal point of the universe is lodged in him and holds the heavens in place. The uttermost isles of ether's sea are subject to him, and the inmost essence of matter lies patent to his insight and yields to the power of his research.

In man comes nature to self-consciousness: our mind is nature gazing at itself, its introspection. By a spiritual alembic the laws of nature are changed

into the laws of human nature, making determinism and free will identical. Molded structurally through accommodation to external conditions, mankind progresses thenceforward through accommodating them to itself. The leadership passes, or, more truly, becomes humanized: in an ever widening sphere the fiat of humanity replaces that of physical forces.

In the spiritual world plays the objective world a part transcending its material significance, and finds therein the key to its use and value. Thus is appetite succeeded by taste, lust by love, greed by aspiration—these fulfilling with greater precision and certainty the basic purposes they mask, yet rising to a plane of unrelated attainment. To realization is idealization a necessary factor: in the field of refinement come all plants of grossness to flower. However science, through analysis, may seem to reduce human life to the primary, by art is proclaimed its primacy. Man is no less upon the heights, whatever the method of his ascent.

## THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS

BEYOND the bounds of our little civilities and familiarities, what consideration, we say, can there be in the vast universe for us? Yet because man is its child, its offspring—an epitome of its forces and factors, a microcosm—conformed by the very process of his creation to its nature and will, must there of necessity reside in it an intimate adaptation to his needs and provision for his welfare. Bone and sinew are we of the skies that bend over us and of all that rings us about. The universe cares for man not adventitiously through paternalism but intrinsically through paternity—through having created him in its likeness and imbued him with its intention: wherein is solicitude far exceeding any special watchfulness over him, any afterthought of intervention; a concern exercised not belatedly but betimes.

All that partakes is essence of the whole: there is no being that is not all that is. The part is particeps. God lives in each, and each is very God; man's consciousness is universal mind. Divinity is not divisional; there is no separation in self. The Being



that is all has parts but no compartments. Creation and creator are one; body and soul blend. Man's ethics are but the universal law as the grass's ethics are lodged in its stem—monition of the senses yet the voice of God.

Righteousness is nature's own stress: back of them have our moralities all the cogence of physiological and sociological and evolutionary laws. Why fear for civilization at every turn? The trees grow as upright on the slope as on the plain. Conscience speaks with a cosmic voice as well as with that of personal experience. Nature is both impulse and check, the temptation and the restraint. That earth out of her own heart can utter the holiness of the woods shows her our spiritual accomplice.

Between the purposes and desires implanted in us and the will of the universe can there be no fundamental conflict: in health-giving, soul-expanding existence is found at once its supreme command and our own *summum bonum*. Good makes for life by definition. Duty is simply right sense of direction—all don'ts of inhibition are supplanted by the do's of noble purpose. Incentives are the only effectual restraint; by virtue of early inculcated ideals are we made invulnerable.

Ever has the world been at the mercy of its brawn and muscle, yet ever ruled by its brains. As, in the evolutionary struggle, intelligence triumphed over brute force, so in human society are qualities of mind

and character supreme—in the train of mental or moral preëminence go privilege and power and wealth. The social equilibrium is always one of inequality.

No trimmed formal garden is civilization, but the natural landscape humanly conformed. The cross-purposes and currents of which communities are composed have yet a unity of action, a community of goal—the petty nodes and ganglia of separate existence are all summed up in the social nervous system. Our several helplessness is assembled into group efficiency: by lowly hands are lofty structures upraised, by little men great ends accomplished. The puissance, the progress of new countries like America are due to the larger latitude there given the expression and interplay of social forces—thus adding the strength of nature to the idealism of man. The essence of democracy is confidence in innate tendencies; by emphasizing the value of every individual, however obscure, is Christianity its executant. Greatness is largely fortuitous: the great qualities themselves are universal and democratic, only the occasion is aristocratic.

Let us not be disturbed by the iconoclasm of event—rather does its flux force mankind to look beyond the contemporaneous for the enduring. To any premature permanence are men wont to attribute finality, and so to perpetuate what is merely an arrested development. No arrangement can become fixed with-

out becoming rigid and suffering from hardened arteries—through everything must the life-blood be kept flowing, and that means ceaseless functioning. Reverence for the past, desire for stability, easily align themselves with reaction. The moment is time in suspense, purpose in abeyance, hence is its perpetuation not to be desired. We who for a brief span are the exponents, the standard-bearers of life, the passers-on of its traditions—would we stay it at some particular point of self-pleasing? As nothing is settled until settled right, so must every security descend into the hell of its doubt before it can ascend into the heaven of its confirmation. In its denial is proved everything's true worth. Truth spreads victoriously, not by super-imposition, but only by virtue of its voluntary adoption, else were there no stamp of authenticity upon it. Propaganda is a species of partisanship, circulating often a spurious coinage. A liberty of which eternal vigilance is the price cannot be of vital importance. The right prevails through being thought right by the greater number—a world suffrage, however, which it is solely in the power of right to win: *securus judicat orbis terrarum*.

## FULFILMENT

THROUGH the scattered pollen of cause are wishes effectuated, rather than through nicely calculated consequence: the road to accomplishment is strewn with the wreckage of attempts. Necessity brings to pass most solutions; how little would be said were it delayed. We drift, not steer, to destination. Like our pleasures are our purposes attained indirectly: assault encounters all the difficulties that circuitry avoids. The reward of our act is of collateral inheritance rather than by direct descent. How much more generous are the waters on which we cast our bread than all our anxious effort.

Because of the correlation of causes are all changes kaleidoscopic, one little shift effecting a complete rearrangement. The pent up forces of the soul, as of society, move swiftly once they start, culminating unexpectedly in an outcome thought far distant: events are a thunderstorm of suddenness, although of long unseen preparation. As the cataract bursts on the ear when we reach its bank, so do submerged movements and tendencies break on attention. Ever and anon rise up the sins of civilization to engulf it:

not time but new sociologies and economics bring our cities and institutions and régimes to an end.

How puny is all learning compared to the great stock of wisdom that propagates itself, the native lore of life. Tradition is the sole parchment that survives the cataclysms of time. So much wiser than its wiseacres is the world. There can be no consummation that is not a self-fulfilment; nor is life susceptible of a rationale that is not implicit in its processes. May not the little regard for record evinced by Jesus have been due to his trust in the truth's self-dissemination? The adoption by the world of this type of man as its ideal—herein is Christianity attested, rather than in any subscription to creeds or thirty-nine articles. Even were the Christian narrative itself to be discredited, would not its revelation of character, its standard of love, its inspiration persist—imperishable?

We become through a natural process what we would be. Like the infusoria, if we but have within us the propulsion, the forward push, we shall by a series of selections develop into the type desired—therefore destined. Dreams and yearnings are, because incipient effort, the asking that receives, the knocking to which is opened. Our El Dorados, though chanced upon, are always along the line of some endeavor: successive is the search where successful.

Of necessity is a world of cause and effect a moral world. Every effort is rewarded or penalized, if not

in one way then in another. Consequence begets other consequences that are far-reaching. The differences in men's lot consist more in the kind of reward received than in the degree of it—in whatever currency, each is paid in full.

Thank God life has momentum as well as incentive—or we should never arrive. By an unceasing intercausation are we endowed with omnipotence. Awakened interest is awarded information on every side; the entering wedge of effort opens up to us the world. Perseverance uncovers possibilities: in achieving purpose we score results un hoped for. If the thing accomplished were all, how futile!—thereby are qualities born, spiritual energies awakened, that produce a cumulatively enlarging future. Whatever has beginning is endless: why because of mortal origin should we doubt man's immortality, or the birth of the gods?

The least detail has large entail: as the sands of the sea is the posterity of an act. No one would do anything if he realized its littleness—nor omit it if he realized its infinite contribution. The wise are concerned with preventives, the foolish with cures; dangers expected are averted. Let us have as much perseverance as things have persistence; up the steepest hillside takes the gradual road of possibility its steady way. If in the woods we do but press on toward light's faintest gleam, we shall emerge into the open. As each day falls, tomorrow takes up the

flag of endeavor and goes forward, until at length it is planted on the heights of attainment. Habit is the deep ravine made by a little water-course. So our time be well spent, no need to worry about accomplishment—our fondest hopes will be realized. Everything is of consequence because of its consequences. Daily we doom ourselves, daily inherit heaven.

By dint of life-long insistence upon purpose carves out the streamlet its protection and achieves its beauty—a purpose determined in direction by earth but instilled by heaven; so that the farmer must needs spare its banks, the lumberman its privacy, the unbaffled engineer yet bow to its indomitable will and concede its ancient right of way.

In no field is the cause and effect relationship more intimate than in that of health. The time-piece of the body contains the foreknowledge of our days. Pain, sickness, trouble,—these are not so much things to be cured as an advertisement of causes to be avoided. Almost invariably is illness unwisdom, age self-neglect, right living the sole medicine needful: alike is common sense the source of health and the fountain of youth. Whether or no there be mental healing, without question is there an ethical—still does for us “the sun of righteousness arise with healing in its wings.”

In its progeny of consequence all survives: nothing that is vital is past. Ends run true to origins—we



bear the fruit of a forgotten blossom-time. Then first are things in full bloom when they have gone to seed. The new, ever crowding into the old, not so much replaces as perpetuates. Instincts are a racial reincarnation—we become the progenitors of our ancestors.

What we miss on one road we meet on another. Though early hopes are seldom fulfilled, yet follows a larger reward upon their frustration. Good judgment never loses, though perhaps the first or second move; and kindness is ever repaid, though perhaps by an unexpected bondsman, and at compound interest. Truth seeps through: error just doesn't work out and wisdom does. Only temporary victories are won by wrong, and that by virtue of some element of right. The divided forces of evil leave good in majority. To doubt progress is a passing loss of vision, of sense of values; mere pusillanimity. "Truth is mighty and will prevail" because it alone can.

No less is time marching when momentarily it halts. Days of no promise are precursors often of such unexpected profusion. Discouragement is life at low tide: in a great burst of morning energy we break through all the barbed-wire entanglements of night. Inchoate are all beginnings: the greater the ship the longer on the ways. Out of chaos was creation called into being. If only we persist in our discouragements and do not let lesser satisfactions suffice, ours shall be the opus; we shall create not earth only but the stars.

## HEADWATERS

UNLESS we live separate, what is there to communicate? Friendships are strong according as they are few. Only those incapable of intimacies are addicted to "society." Like elm-branches that extend no further than the roots, so is breadth of sympathy as the width of understanding. All accomplishment begins individually. In life as in sports there are too many looking on, too few playing the game. When we lend ourselves to others we are seldom repaid. Human nature is a growth that if dense does not attain full size.

Mankind is a Polynesia of loneliness. Crowded as are the highways of existence, each pursues the path of his own life. Friendship and marriage only defer the realization of one's essential isolation. With ourselves we commune, with others at best communicate. How little alone are the solitary; to be pitied are only those without thought-companionship.

Across chasms of separation are led our common lives: individually so different is this one and the same world. Think you because we are looking at the same thing we have the same thoughts? Though

another stood in your very place, he would not share your point of view. Beneath apparent unanimity each believes the same in a different way, and amid diversity of statement all hold dissimilar opinions to very much the same effect. The differently spent years put aeons between individuals: to the full-grown self are all others amazing. Our only intimates are our predecessors.

No utterance can express us: thought contemplates with dismay the false impression of its words. We expect others to feel as we do without our data. Each is the center of his own web of circumstances,—of interests, of purposes, of satisfactions; the clue to which he cannot convey. Let us keep to ourselves thoughts we would keep uncontaminate. No one understands us, or ever will, save God, who is our sole confidant. When we think to see things through others' eyes, it is usually through neither theirs nor our own. One looks upon others as a factor in his life—they to whom he is but a factor in theirs. These persons of whose opinion we are so afraid, either are they afraid of ours or ignore us altogether. Our own sense of unworthiness is it that separates us from people more than any sense of it on their part.

You cannot be one kind of person and not suffer the consequences of not being another. Envy eyes its fellows, forgetting at what cost they are themselves. Had we everything we would still not have what others have, yet already have we what can never

be theirs. Follow whatsoever life through, howsoever fortunate, and you will find conditions that would be unbearable in your own. How can any be envious, seeing how few are enviable? Oh, what discontent we should save ourselves did we but realize that our life is an epitome of all lives, that there is no monopoly of happiness nor of the things that go to its make-up, but that each has an equal though different share; that it is not cornered save by the act of jealousy itself. How entirely, through its selections and eliminations, our life has become molded to us is shown on any attempt to rearrange it; none other suits. Individuality, that forever makes equality impossible, yet makes the inequalities equivalent: we are all equal because we are all different.

Every one knows his own best avenue to efficiency and inspiration: what gets us started, that's the cue. The conventional is custom-made—therefore never fits; to us is the habitual world an untenanted shell upon the shore of time. Nobody can be wholly himself without being thoroughly no one else. In the atmosphere of another's existence we are asphyxiated: others' standards are killing, our own life-giving. A different excellence from ours intimidates us—when we come into a new sphere of attraction we lose our cohesion. The contact with an unaccustomed scale of values rends the veil of our temple from top to bottom. One cannot look to others for philosophic help—each must hollow out of environ-

ment a place that fits him, and that he can live happily in, let who will do otherwise.

One has to flock alone to be faithful to self: in inverse order to individuality is companionability. The gregarious and good-natured are apt to be the morally invertebrate, without well-defined or strongly felt principles, since the assertion of these is bound to bring differences. Individuality disrupts—it comes not to bring peace but a sword, to divide those of the same household. Without assertiveness, good comes to naught: the weeds flourish, the flower dies. Men suspect qualities that keep too close to their own life's safety, a caution with a return-ticket in its pocket. Greatness is sealed only by its martyrdom.

Everything worth while is a case of going it alone: up every steep of endeavor we climb unaccompanied. It is individuals and organized minorities that control events, and so guide the world. Not amid the crowds on the sidewalk will you find the leaders of men, the pioneers of thought; but singly, among the hills or along the shore. Those whose life lies all patent, externally open to inspection, contain no somber interiors of comfort or refreshment. Only as we emerge from the dark recesses of silence have we aught to say. The life of the soul is ever a solitary, dwelling apart. Collectively are we not what we are collectedly; to the meditative and contemplative always seems social intercourse a descent. General

conversation runs over the shoals, not out into the deep; the exchange is chance, fragmentary, forced, shallow; the cats and dogs of tame talk come forward, the shy big game of the heart keeps back in hiding. From one to another is bandied the banal. The flags of convention speak all a common breeze.

## THE GARMENT'S HEM

MEN radiate the world that surrounds them. One cannot believe the color of his mood is not the character of the day. We hug the warm covering to us and all the while it is our own warmth that we feel. People seem an embodiment of the ideals they inspire rather than of those they possess: beware how you dissipate the illusions surrounding friendship lest you destroy it. Environment not only corresponds to what we think it but responds as well; the trustful have singing birds about them, the suspicious only sour faces. We call out the qualities we credit with. Let us not collect from the world what it owes us but lay it under fresh obligation to repay. As one puts up with foul weather, knowing the fair only waits to return, so should one overlook the unlovely moods and deeds of his fellow-men. Toward an old friend, no matter what may estrange, we easily revert to our former good opinion of him. Through tolerance and forbearance is a wider range of moral latitudes made habitable to us.

Because perceiving only what it is alert to is experience corroborative of our point of view, making



us ever more set therein. Necessarily is one's philosophy of a kind to excuse his faults. The belligerent find causes for fight, the peaceful seek palliatives. The moments import what we impart to them—how often is our eventful day but the record of our lively mind. Only when looked on by appetite has the world zest. From our eyes gets the sea its expanse, the mountains their majesty. Optimism is the true measure of the soul even if it be not that of the universe.

Not earth at its loveliest but we at our most sensitive make the paradise. In our glance is the glistening morning,—the landscape, the air, so radiant to our gaze, are in truth the refreshed, reawakened soul. However familiar the scene on which sight then rests, the curtain goes up on one never before witnessed: childhood re-lives—once more is the world that on which looked out “the young eye of heathen wonder.”

To a groping world is initiative a shepherd's crook: there never fail to flock supporters to any valiant standard raised. Epoch-making are men who give reality to what were otherwise a mere figment of imagination, a phantasm of desire—the unpractical and dreamers who alone can break the iron-bound determinism of things as they are and make another order of things appear as natural and inevitable as the existent. More important than the impression made is the memory left—if we die at the right time, *quaere* whether we do not as much live by dying as

by living. Let us too uplift peaks that take the sun and participate in heaven. No longer live we in an age when the gods took on mortal shape, yet are we daily given proof of mortals who put on godlike stature.

Through the network of all our doings runs the current from our moral dynamo, so that its light and power may be tapped at any one of them. Men do not realize the might they wield—in littlest act or word. As the language in which we think is our true language, so is habitual thought indicative of character. The grass advertises the ground. Momentous as well as momentary are the minutiae of intercourse; a pleasant manner is a high form of efficiency. Sympathy transfuses blood into our thought-veins and administers oxygen to spiritual respiration. The sense of being hospitably treated lasts over and leavens the whole day—wherefore do thou lose no opportunity of like influence on other lives.

Into the indifference of the April woods, I carry the memory of a little act of human kindness. It blooms in my heart like these charming child-faces of the early flowers, and fills my mental atmosphere with a fragrance like that of the trees. The enlarged skies of the soul heighten the enjoyment of nature's generousities and extend visual horizons. The joy of living is matched in all I see and gives tastes of unexplained happiness; the exquisite flavor of life is sampled at every step. In earth's kindliness is re-

flected the kindness of man, the mirroring consciousness itself unaware of it.

What over-importance is given to place and conditions as against climate, the mood of the day, that gives them their whole character. The mere sand-spit of Florida can be more beautiful than the glory of the Alps in cold and rain. What is the storm-beaten beauty of the rue de Rivoli compared with the transfigured ugliness of Los Angeles? So are the features of existence chameleon to one's mental skies. How gladly with penniless zest would joyless riches change place. Young dreams, the uphill struggle of hope, love in a cottage, these are types of bliss rather than position or possessions with the joy gone out of them. "Better is a dinner with herbs, etc."

The picture's the thing, not its framing—the scene on which the eyes of the mind look out. This unseen spiritual landscape that we carry about with us, and people with whatever comes our way—this is the halcyon clime in which dwells happiness.

We need to change nothing for our perfect delight but the prevailing attitude towards it. Brother Lawrence found his world of joyous expanse no further off than the scullery. The atmosphere that suffuses it makes our world. The same thing can be a hell or a seventh heaven. Who does not know the bliss that springs into being at a word, the tone of a voice; the spiritual undoing of a false note, the imaginative collapse at sordid intrusion? The key of the day

is set by the scale in which its contacts are played.  
Little aware are companions how they determine our  
weal or woe. Truly is the healing touch in the hem  
of the garment.

## ELAN

TO every one is the universe a personal problem—however wide his outlook upon it, he has to take it individually. Truth impresses us most in its relation to ourselves: our preachments, because our personal experiences, are usually of limited application. Determined by deep-seated idiosyncrasies are both one's sphere of activity and one's domicile, by some feature therein that one's singularity makes all important. Any true expression of ourselves is an inward diary—a man's real memoirs are to be found in his work. Not a vocation is literature but a life: one must be what he writes about. All great art is autobiographic. Genius itself remains latent until proximate occasion or personal incentive calls it forth. No longer would existence be disciplinary were it wholly disinterested; to any participation or opinion is some self-interest a necessity. We are as unhappy in idleness as the world is hideous on a holiday.

With motives rather than with methods should efficiency concern itself. For us to be capable conditions must be compatible; unless our heart is in the task our head will not be. The "lost motion" in life

is frequently its salvation. Only work done with relish is well done: as a dog turns away from food unless the scent pleases, so in any occupational schedule is inclination to be consulted. Whatever devitalizes destroys energy at its source; standardization levels Parnassus and quenches the Castalian springs. The finer energies expire under vivisection. Oh, the blessed curves and irregularities in the landscape that bespeak intrinsic reasons rather than superimposed expediencies—and likewise in the human landscape.

To loss of incentive is due most flagging of effort—when that which actuates us comes to seem no longer worth while. As plants wither if taken from their native wild, so we if removed from accustomed surroundings and familiar landmarks. To the vertigo of nostalgia is one never wholly immune, whatever his seamanship. In the metropolitan influx from country and small town how many a budding talent or promising career is blighted, by reason of that lessened sense of identity, that dissipation of ideals, which the individual life always suffers when immersed in humanity's mass. Upon any voracious expanse of environment the colors of character run—one's individuality flattens out. To remain the biggest toad in the puddle rather than aspire to the ocean may well be the better wisdom.

Always seek our peculiarities of temperament some outward authentication or sanction. In our queer-nesses crop out the deepest things in character;

through our foibles flows our life-blood. The whims and oddities of the artistic and imaginative are but attempts to attune conditions to exceptional need. The creative brain must view its work under the excitement of self-belief, not with the publisher's cold eye. Thank heaven some power does *not* "the giftie gie us to see oursels as ithers see us." We should crumble to dust like exhumed parchments were we exposed to the unfeeling air of fact. Self-inspired are the buoyant—in life's irrepressible hope is heard the voice of its self-faith. Though critics may be our corrective, admirers are our impetus. Quickly does every age of initiative or insight subside, because of a besetting littleness that merely appraises it.

Words are non-conductors of our intensity: there is nothing new to say but a new way of saying it. So tainted with general usage become phrases that they cease to express us individually and have to be recharged with connotation. The eloquence of the poets loosens the tongue of a mute world. Seldom do we give voice to our actual thought—merely some little ramification of it: what we want to talk about is so remote from ordinary existence that we don't. Fear only people's reticences. Always eludes utterance the largeness of the idea or motive animating us. Solitude develops idiosyncrasies, which still further widen the rift between self's specialism and speech. The more perspicuous we are, the less can we give reasons, because fundamental and far-reach-



ing. Hence get the least foreseeing often the greater credence—though the less eventual credit. How much truer a picture of ourselves might at times be given if we suppressed what we say and said what we suppress. Men crave contacts which their manner repels, and make impossible the love they long for.

Within each of us bubbles up the *joie de vivre* in a special spring. There let us slake our thirst and refresh our weariness. This is the authentic draught of the gods; the cup of its Castalian, the world's one medicine; from whose plenitude alone is gained that healing by which all sorrows are assuaged and from the eyes of grief are wiped away all tears.

## SUPREMACY

OUR greatness is not a strenuous act but one of natural facility: without conscious effort are the vital processes. So easy is our best we hesitate to assign it the importance it deserves. Just to give out whatever of power or vision or certainty is in us—this alone is demanded from us; yet does it constitute our utmost contribution to the world's welfare, far more helpful than any fruitless though valiant struggle against deficiencies, any losing fight with destiny. Heroism is to spend ourselves, not to waste. In deflecting into more congenial channels, and so to our true success, failure not infrequently does us a good turn; most misadventures are of the cruel-to-be-kind sort. How many defeats must every victory forget—but for the virtues of his faults, who could endure? Genius is pay ore: streaks of the precious metal are found in every human soil, but in few in sufficient quantity to repay extraction.

By the friction of incompetence are we brought to a standstill. It is our incapacities that wear us out—the use of our powers reinvigorates us. Freest is flight before arrest by alternatives; hence the wider

sweep of the impetuous act, the impromptu speech, the unrevised page of spontaneity. Fools rush in, often, where angels—ought to but don't.

Along lines of least resistance travel spiritual as well as physical energies, the light of intelligence and truth. Important things are not forced, but allowed to happen: the essential functions of existence fulfil themselves—it is for us to keep from interfering. We are employee, not employer, in the great enterprise. Efforts and exertions quench oftentimes the spirit's outpouring and downpouring; striving frustrates gifts. In the nature of an exclusion, a limitation, is purpose aforethought. Instead of focussing on our little undertakings, let us make of ourselves avenues for the large. We win by the powers we invoke, not exert.

Of all suicides is imitation the most deplorable. In our difference lies our supremacy: most failures are attempts to repeat. Ever seek aspirants for fame some yet untrodden path—yet ever wait for some one else first to tread it! We live on precedents, and are lost when we find none, yet then first find ourselves. Nothing is so fatal as conformity: those who succeed are inwardly unlike others. Men of mark have always been different from their day. Ambition has no need for rivalry: in being what no one else is, doing what no one else does, lies distinction. Our little variations constitute our evolutionary value, our one unequalled excellence. The peculiarities of which

we are so diffident form the most valuable part of us, and should be shown rather than hidden—for others' encouragement. Not through competition but through some non-competitive difference comes attainment: the successful pass their fellows because they surpass them. We shake the crowd at our very first self-assertion.

Life is essentially not a struggle but a surrender: nature is a government in which the opposition never comes into power. The surviving fittest eluded competition through emergence on a plane of advantage. In a world of warfare men have but to step aside into peace. The kingdom of heaven is not taken by violence. Pitted against the universal forces, in vain our puny strength; but in alliance with them are purposes crowned with victory. Civilization owes its advance to those who have read deepest in nature's intent and availed themselves of her might: the discoverers, the seers, the inventors, these are its evolutionary steps—rungs in the ladder of the race's ascent.

## TRANSITIONAL

EVERYTHING rides in on its own wind of suitability: situations are accompanied by an appropriate state of mind. The world's ready acceptance of whatever new juncture of affairs, absorbs the expected shock and robs of the anticipated effect. An unperceived ripeness for them precedes most happenings and finds us prepared. How silent are things at their reception, loquacious only before—or after. Fearfulness forgets that intervening events are going to make easy. Against every blow of fate we seek the buffer of explanatory circumstance—"how did it happen?" is always the question we ask for our comfort.

Through gradual transition we are rendered insensible of change, and reconciled thereto. Thus can old worlds vanish, new ones appear, and we be unaware of it. An unfailing succession of friends and familiarities lessens the keenness of every loss. One's circle does not grow old so long as contact with it is continuous; by holding on to early associations and landmarks the way back to youth is kept open. How remote seem events once the chain of continuity is broken.

Under deprivation we adopt a different standard, and quickly restore happiness through a conforming point of view. Many of our needs, but for the provision made for them, would not exist, therefore is their denial a short-lived suffering. Tragedies are largely in the transition. Marching time rearranges life with the lost left out, and grief is assuaged; with adjustment again comes joy. Things are not ficklely forgotten—they are crowded out: inevitable new relationships spring up on cessation of the old. The seductive poppy of the present induces an insensibility to past sorrows—a heart's ease life not only proffers but imposes.

By a natural adaptability are we made cosmopolitan to conditions. Given men's lots, how fortunate their mental attitude. With the diminution of our days occur changes that render their prolongation less desired. If we could dissociate death from the incidents of departure, what were there in it but at worst an end, at best a beginning?

The altered aspect things come to wear is incredible. Experience like nature assimilates and softens all its ruins and wrecks; and makes *faits accomplis* seem fitting, however forced or violent they were at the time. A strength and sustaining outlook have the desperate and hard-pressed that we do not suspect and cannot realize. Troubles administer their own anesthetic—the causes that produce them also enable them to be borne. Ubiquitous are the “sons of

consolation." Always into the dread event is introduced some little new element that works chemically, as it were, effecting a re-arrangement of substance, a transubstantiation; a fourth dimension is given it, another personality takes possession of us. There walks in the midst of every insuperable difficulty, every fiery ordeal, some unlooked for presence that upholds us and sees that we are not consumed.

Things turn out other than expected because of what intervenes. The future is both outgrowth and new creation, therefore only partially foreseeable: the unborn factors not merely give events another direction but lend them another guise. Like all distance, the future, because seen in perspective, is bound to be seen out of proportion—though fitting when it comes it will never seem so in prospect. The accessories of the moment wear out with it; no future or past ever agrees with the present's estimate. So many things must happen before the dreaded day, we feel secure against it—so many before the happy one, we despair of its ever coming.

The world's physical ills are only spiritually cured—by a mental or moral attitude that no longer fosters them; its problems are solved by no longer arising. Before mankind's advancing consciousness the conditions that bred its miseries take themselves off—the false relationships give place to normal ones; with every new outlook on life or facility in living goes some former maladjustment into the limbo. Due to



the waters' uplift is the wave's forward rush. As democracy first became feasible with social homogeneity, so is a world that still needs socialism not yet ready for it. Only then will civilization be secure when civility shall have become international. In the rising tide of progress the mountain peaks of one age are the sea-level of a later.

## THE OIL OF GLADNESS

EXISTENCE led to external fitness is a dull affair, but to an inner tempo a joyous experience. The congenial sequence of occupations is always the most accomplishful: let us do what leads, not drives us. Time saved by hurry is doubly spent. How appealing our work when hot with interest—like our food how distasteful when hardened and grown cold. We take hold where it takes hold on us. Once the stride we go right along. The wheels of activity when running without waste store their own power of continuance—energy is restored in the outgiving. Most things are to be attained on the downgrade of inclination as readily as on the upgrade of effort—and with energy both unabated and abetted. Through facile approach are difficulties made easy. The pleasant way is the royal road, on which purpose is relayed to destination. The day, like life itself, is falsely subdivided—morning ceases only when the mind's edge is off, not at noon; there is no evening but fatigue; and night is a misnomer if we fall not asleep.

Routine if rigid retards—to be practicable it must

provide for the free movement of the spirit. Men who think only of the nutritive value of their food miss the deeper insight of the palate. Without relish no dish will nourish: taste not only discriminates but determines. As much as possible let us do our duties in their pleasure order. Desires are the very lead of efficiency: "thy ways are ways of pleasantness and all thy paths are peace." Until we feel a duty in our pleasure as well as a pleasure in our duty we have not found an adequate working hypothesis.

Only freedom follows the questing hounds. Necessity fulfils needs but not aspirations. The mind plays round what it would devour. Not in the toil of life but in its relaxations are revealed its purposes. From the fountains of leisure flow all its refreshments—the incentive to its activity, the sweetening of its drudgery, the lightening of its labor, the marching-song of its weariness. Days of little exaction are often of largest donation. To do nothing is so delightful because filled with such variegated activities. We like to give as a gratuity: the springs of motive are copious when inwardly compelled. Work done under pressure is the forced run that requires threefold steam for double speed, and stops the sooner. Let us dwell far off in a town called opportunity and apply ourselves assiduously to the labor called leisure. In life's large permissiveness we expand; in its stellar spaces thoughts sphere themselves. Though oftentimes men rise to the occa-

sion, only an inner impetus can lift them to their own height.

Things differ more in seasonableness than in intrinsic appeal—we dislike them not so much for themselves as because they are an interruption. Most disagreeable anticipations prove agreeable disappointments; unconcern and indifference register usually but an unawakened interest. As with the turn of the year another latitude or locality attracts us, so brings existence its successive phases to the fore. No one is incompatible to us under certain conditions—snobbery is to feel the social difference more than the common humanity; the Creator derides our exclusiveness. Solutions have to abide their season: eagerness and impatience cannot make up for the ripeness of time. Haste is an attempt to anticipate the universe, therefore encounters invincible forces of opposition. Only at their own bidding come the clear thoughts, the creative mood. Don't chase the word—wait for it. How profuse the response when we cease to strive for it. What we agonize over is the gift of ease. We *happen* on heaven.

## LIFE MOTIF

HAPPINESS is a psychic sunlight without which life cannot thrive. Where not outwardly bestowed it is inwardly derived: how often have not men been indebted to some deficiency or deprivation for their fulfilment, in some hardship found their wellspring of joy. If it takes heaven's favor to wile Spring from the garden, why should happiness not be a prerequisite to our own growth? No mere philosophic tenet is optimism but part of the instinct of self-preservation—the preservation of one's peace of mind. To moral health it is natural (to any consistent faith is it not necessary?) to believe pain the exception, pleasure the norm, blue skies the true face of the universe.

A fair day is the best possible good news—what petty optimism, what personal good-fortune can equal its world "All's well"? Here is the authentic Pippa Passes, a reassuring word from the universe itself, overriding the multitude of human ills and re-seating hope upon her rightful throne, overthrowing the usurpation of despair. Restored is the reign of joy, and sorrow appears the mere interregnum it is.

As beauty is the hallmark of health, so is joy of wholesome activity. Men are misdirected whose work and pleasure do not coincide. In following one's bent are latent abilities uncovered: tastes and preferences voice an underlying impetus that is not to be gainsaid. The Puritan conscience, to which the agreeable is no longer the line of least resistance, deprives itself of the safe guidance implanted by nature. Incumbent upon us is it to do, not what we cannot, but what we can—what we do well because gladly. At those rare points in life where one's duty and pleasure meet is performance. No toilsome mountainside but is to holiday feet a light ascent. To find our proficiency and pursue it—this is our happy duty. Not to plod but to free our wings: to liberate the bird within us, not lay upon ourselves a burden.

All truth wears a glad countenance; the good are "anointed with the oil of gladness above their fellows." Upon the joyful and pleasing we look with comprehension, but only stupidly upon the repugnant. What moves us is our *métier*. Ugliness exercises an unconscious depression upon the spirits, a lowering of vitality, a lessening of achievement. There is an abiding faith that the optimistic see, that the pessimistic are blind. The felicity of a life is the ultimate test of its philosophy—and the generally accepted credential.

It is inconceivable that the underlying purpose of

existence should be incompatible with its joy, for this it is that makes for life. The ethical impulse simply seeks that joy where fullest, to which it gives the name of good. No dry brook is duty but the living current: the quest for happiness speaks with the peremptory voice of life itself. Deep-set within us are the fundamental pieties as instincts and desires. Life is essentially a law unto itself, albeit disciplined by superimposition and self-policed by experience. How many repellent exteriors are inwardly cordial, how many inviting ones mask an inner repulse. Morality to the young is to the mature an empirical preference: our loyalties are steadied love.

Happiness is a hygienic measure. Health begins in the mind—most disorders have mental origin. The brain being seat and center of the body's functions, inevitably is one's state of mind reflected in his bodily condition. While there is hope there is life. No more necessary to sanity are cheerful thoughts than to sound health—the lack of them is cause of mental and physical break-down alike. Care is the vulture that feeds on our vitals. Could we do wholly as we pleased, enjoying all that we do, we should be possessed of the perpetual motive power, unconsumed and unconsuming, self-restorative; and should never tire, never die.

Awake delight would you rouse Olympus and the gods of the imagination. Enthusiasm is to vibrate



with the creative mind of the universe, and marks us a confederate, a participant, in the great goal and supreme joy of existence. Whatever stirs sentiment, though otherwise insignificant, becomes through the crystallization of thought and act which it precipitates of moment in our career. Not facts but figments of the imagination shape our lives. Exclamatory are vivid ideas, since they are induced by emotion; moderation is mute, but extremists gain a hearing for their half-truth. Little have the proportionate to say—the exuberant keep themselves at white heat through much self-stoking. Nothing succeeds like excess. Youth breaks the precious ointment of existence over its merest trifle, now wasting itself, now immortalizing what it touches. Inseparable from the emotional is the mental life because energized by it: great thought is ever suffused with feeling, “sees red.” Noble utterance is impassioned. The euphony of language is the very sign manual of authenticity: all peaks of the soul break out into color. In poetry, in music, we sad mortals seek to lift our voices to the gladness of heaven.

Disappointing at its best, at its worst how unexpectedly good is life. Men are eager to live on any terms demanded. Happiness, like hunger, will eat roots if denied bread: the little pleasures of life make up oftentimes for the big. We do not pine away in exile but discover unsuspected satisfactions; kings dethroned, discredited leaders, find in retirement

amends for the sphere they have forfeited. So irrepressible is nature, it cannot be but that joy will again push up through the leaves of last year's sadness.

How few things that go wrong really do. The world's amissness is in our nervous system. Happiness is a climate where it is bliss merely to breathe.

## SPIRITUAL CONTAGION

THE emphasis of the life about us is an atmosphere we breathe in: health requires an invigorating one. Each country is written in a different scale of values. Wherever to us the world looks largest should be our abode—*ubi bene ibi patria*. Ideals crave an environment that justifies them rather than demands continual self-defence. Not from love of flattery do men pick a companionship of approval but from dire need of support. Save for the fan of encouragement how many a glowing coal would cool. Comradeship redoubles because it reflects; any unanimity seems a circumvallation that safeguards opinion from possibility of error.

Belief springs up readily in a soil favorable to it: the removal of objections is a sufficient propaganda. Truth and justice do not need vindication but ex-  
trication. We convince not so much by our argument as by the fervor of our faith in it: no exhortation is heeded save example. Theories win fewer converts than some persuasive application of them; through the adoption of socialistic measures has socialism become largely a dead issue. Every one,

until taught by experience, lives in a fool's paradise of fatuous optimism. Unopposed statements find easy acceptance—all creeds are catholic till challenged. The world is for the most part a momentum from a long ago push, the social system an automaton whose movements keep on after the life has gone out of them. Thus are perpetuated political parties that no longer stand for anything but partisanship, governments that represent without longer being representative.

Ever has judgment to cut loose from conventional connotations in order to be free. Mirrors of reflected opinion give environment infinite extension, so that we cease to be aware of actual character or size. First impressions are enjoyed in their purity—the later in their power of recall; one wonders what things would be like if devoid of reminder yet cannot divest them thereof to see. The world grows so custom-crowded we need a new one—hence the travel-habit. Only in emptiness is there room for our dream.

The habitual absorption of others draws off from our own artesian. Receptive and assertive attitudes must offset each other—an excess either of imports or of exports upsets our balance of trade. Subjective pursuits require objective pastimes; those given to generalizations are themselves eager for particulars. Introspection is our jailor: though we close the eyes to avoid distractions, we open them to avoid distraction. Unless the moment is an activity as well

as a contemplation, it is an insanity. To sit down beside the dead body of a memory is to grow desperate. Every fresh-flowing stream of consciousness has changing banks; the exhilaration of motion is that of our moving thought. Outward oftentimes is to be sought the way inward; our walks are a large upper room where we commune. Life must have extent to be conscious of content: by going among others we gain ourselves.

Rare is the power to rise above the circumambient social atmosphere and the world's gravitation, attaining an orbit of our own. To be of the few is still to be exposed to tyranny and persecution. All consensus is autocratic: at the hands of circumstance suffer the exceptional continual slight. The path asks pursuance. The sensitive lead but a precarious happiness—though an exquisite one. Indifference and hardness are often but the callous that masks a sensibility too keen to countenance.

By the inroads of materialism is the idealist driven from pillar to post: the how and how much of existence everywhere invade its what for and what—means overriding ends. So entirely is today taken up with the social-economic question that we would fain cry with the Prodigal, "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me," and depart "into a far country." The real values of life will, under whatever régime, still be to seek—man cannot live by bread alone. The external framework of existence is

its mere skeleton—little resembling the living form. Only there will be Utopia where the tide of life turns toward its spiritual expanse, not toward its material confines; where its shores are washed by a genial spiritual Gulf stream.

Controlling influences are not a foreground importunity but, like the sea, a large unobtrusive presence in the background. Most potent are appeals of which we are not specifically conscious, most copious our response when indirect. Nature's message to us is an unspoken one: not the scene burned in upon our eyes but its pervasive effluence entering our soul makes the impress and elicits from us the deeper reciprocities. Never can one put into words the principles that really actuate him. Like ships worked from a wireless distance, so are the impelling forces of life remote from their manifestation, and unobserved. Little betrays the great career the impetus that launched it, the secret power that sustains it. Far off from the scene of battle sits the general, commanding.

## CEILINGS AND SKY

THE circumscribing of attention relegates life to its lesser adjustments, and so precludes the larger. The great are guided by principle, the little by expediency. Due to some partial-mindedness are one's small qualities: anxiety constricts thought, thus narrowing its passage-way. If we carry about with us some petty personal problem, void are the sky and the universe. The minutiae of manner fall away once we establish the deeper relations with people. Wherever in dealing with industrial affairs the conventional relationship gives place to the human, barriers break down and social problems are solved. He knows all who has fundamental contacts.

Self-forgetfulness is the greatest of enfranchisements: we must get outside ourselves to be free. The desire for the elsewhere is only then satisfied when we are unmindful of being anywhere. Every supreme degree of consciousness is accompanied by a profound self-unconsciousness: self-effacement is a natural incident in self-fulfilment. Whatever excites the personal life disturbs the general reflection: only when calm are seen the depths. Sleep is the ability to keep



one's self in abeyance—the gift and sign of self-control.

Proverbially is praiseworthiness unaware of itself: only empty lives feel a sense of accomplishment. Of necessity are the great modest. To attribute our qualities to others is final proof of our possession of them: by those standards are we justified of which to ourselves we seem to fall short. How proud is one of his little good points, how unpretentious of his powers. Not elation but dissatisfaction attends advancement, because we expect ever more of ourselves. Eagerness makes its own discouragement. To itself is progress perceptible chiefly through recognition of hitherto unobserved deficiencies and defaults. "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" was the cry of the closest to Him.

Through expansion, through not being allowed to become partial, is the individual consciousness kept in accord with the universal will—of which it is the exponent. Conscience is sense of proportion, that strong central government that puts down insubordinate factions. The whole explains and perfects its parts. Only the uncomprehensive is the incomprehensible: the more cosmic man becomes, the greater his equanimity. It takes such a slight rise to make the world gloriously outspread. From the local and ephemeral looks out generalization into unlimited horizons. Outdoors is heaven offered us, yet we sit at home preferring earth. The North's housing of

the race is responsible for its materialism: shut-in man is mentally immured—the outlook is walled in and roofed over.

Everything unduly dwelled upon becomes disproportionately meaningful. Because preëmpted is sympathy limited. By the limelight of emphasis is conferred often a false prominence. Oh, how large remain things if only we keep our words of characterization, therefore of limitation, off them: the false note, the unfortunate phrase—how they shatter. Extremists lose the sense of proportion because of the perception of contrast: in humor dwells what truth, in satire what perversion of it. Through the burning-glass of intensity are the rays of truth necessarily distorted. Specialization is a species of arrested development. The freedom of thought is deflected from its broad river-bed and forced into the canalized mill-races of utility. Only he who has the whole has the standard; hence the essential aristocracy of supervision, of culture. Action is analytic, thought synthetic. Those who breathe life's wholes feel imprisoned in its parts—fixed pursuits, definite occupations, formal settings, can never satisfy those who have once known the spaciousness of literature and art. Health is always an integer, an unconsciousness of parts and processes, a unity: introspection is morbid. Life if normal is inattentive to its mechanism, whether of body or of body politic.

Alas that existence must look at everything from

the point of view of some expediency, some pressing near-by necessity, instead of its large significance, its total participancy. Due to individualism is the dishevel and external hideousness of community life. The harmony of the middle ages has been broken up and the harmony of the modern era not yet attained.

The wide world is a cure-all. In all our troubles, so simple the remedy, so swift the relief—turn to something else. The unbroken line of joy's succession is maintained by turning away from every rebuff, every failure, every loss, to a new something of happiness. By putting aside our work we regain mastery over it—through some prestidigitation what we take up again is no longer what we laid down. An insanity befalls the over-concentration of effort—as it does the self-preoccupation of egoism. All tasks are consummated by desistance and resumption: persistent employment yields a diminishing return. To review life is to garner its wisdom and gain its lessons.

Life is self-corrective: so we but live fully, there will remain in us no littleness—in the development of our whole self will all our faults disappear. Let the heavens open and earth is automatically deserted. For us is the fit place of existence, the true post of duty, where our suppressed self lives, our compressed self expands—where the soul can stretch itself. Against foreclosure of outlook should accomplish-

ment beware. Words obey only when thought commands. As an artist returns to the scene for the right color effect, so must expression go back to subject for the right word; loyalty to meaning over phrase never fails to be rewarded. So long as we are content to satisfy some person rather than some ideal our work will fall short of its high possibility.

Through entirety truth composes its inner dissensions, and by its contradictions is led on to complementation. Because large it is indefinite; constant in principle, it is yet variable in application. Any statement of it is confining, therefore partial. It cannot be formulated because changing form: its counsel is individual, and untransferable. Open-minded is wisdom always—oh, the tolerance of truth, the arrogance of error! We do not say much when concise: great utterance is a groping after the ineffable. The suggestions of poetry convey a truth beyond the pen of precision. The spirit of God is too great to be shut up in formularies, and is only to seek fully in the wholeness of life and the great activities and works of men—in their secular freedom. If in our definition of Him we put Good for God, we make Him not less personal but simply less anthropomorphic—we get a larger conception of His personality. Prayer comprises so many things that go by another name.

More reliable are the syntheses of intuition than analysis can verify. The mind is not naturally con-

secutive and logical, but desultory and divergent because wide-spreading and far-reaching. Only inference and generalization can deal with totals. Not profound reasoning but clear insight penetrates the depths. In the spectrum of truth may there not be ultra-violet rays beyond consciousness?

## THE GRAIN OF GOLD

**A**BILITY is largely a matter of wider selection and therefore of better judgment: avoidance of mistake is many a mile forward. Through diversion of energies rather than through their diminution are careers frustrated. Success consists in omitting the irrelevant; out of the flux and complexity of things draws art its single thread of significance. Who is not debtor to the clairvoyance of night?

In inverse order to the assertiveness of opinion is usually its worth. Irresolute for the most part are the finely perceptive: the doubtful are dogged by alternatives—to the positive there are none. Everything is a close question—not a closed one: the sure are simply unsubtle. So seldom are men of force men of vision. Youth can be quick-witted because light-burdened. Often are we firm by reason of narrowness, pusillanimous from breadth. Few issues are clear-cut, leaving all the right on one side, all the wrong on the other—hence the difficult decisions of practical politics, of patriotism, of daily life. Why be more certain than the thing itself?—it is an opinion, nevertheless, to believe that none is warranted.

Refreshing are those who refrain from forcing cheap conclusions, who are willing to leave thought open. Because of the growing silence of wisdom is ignorance rampant: one cannot stay the tongue of tattle—scarce can the lips of import be prevailed on to utter their pregnant word.

The normal is not decided by majority vote. The public at large is an ignorant person to whom everything is either black or white, nothing between. Either is a man genius or crank, grafter or friend of the people, monster of greed or pattern of all the virtues: there are no shades, only colors. Popularization is *pro tanto* desecration—how can we please both the knowing few and the ignorant many? Art can be made universal only by lowering it: the artist enriches himself by cheapening his art. Like all spiritual influences has religion to be objectively or allegorically expressed in order to take hold of the masses and so convey to them the kernel of truth these materializations contain.

Discrimination gives us confidence in judgment. Truth is a composite of seeming contradictions—it is proverbial that proverbs can be cited on both sides of any dispute. Amid indecision and doubt have all great resolutions been arrived at, all great steps taken. Neither consistently joyous nor sad is the world, but the two consistently. Life is not reducible to any hedonistic category: both optimism and pessimism are partial views. The weak stop at the loss,



the evil—the strong pass on to the good, the gain. To every one comes life's crisis when he finds he has not fully faced its facts. Bad weather is an honest counsellor that buoys with no false hopes and excites within us no self over-estimate, but of the fair day must we beware the recoil. Any scheme of life that has in it no place for suffering and grief is a house built on sands. When youth and health desert us let us fear the philosophic collapse.

By its matter is the reflective mind overwhelmed—little must he be who is not speculatively aghast at the world. The responsive are swept by impressions and emotions of which they can be but the mute register. Toward the ultimate problems of existence one's attitude comes to consist not so much in any definite view, the adoption of any particular creed or philosophic conclusion, as in merely estimating the pros and cons, sizing the situation, appreciating the force of the arguments, understanding the factors of judgment.

Thought soon passes beyond words and we are dumb—or poets. The pressure of multiplicity forces to cogent brevity—an incommunicable infinity of detail leaps to the incisive phrase. In discipline finds language its liberty: form frees, the lack of it is a straightjacket. Competition crowds to a leader: style is the attempt to say in a word. The large cannot be stated, only hinted: all-illuminating is the calcium of hyperbole. Every repression gives rise to

springs of action, however remote. From emotions wrung issues the supreme cry of humanity: in travail of soul is beauty born. The unutterable has ever in dire extremity been driven to the eloquence of art.

## FALSE GODS

NOT to the moment be the credit of performance but to the eternities of preparation. Wars are not won by their victories but by a long line of previous drawn-battles and defeats. Every successful life confesses to an almost equal admixture of failure: in the strongbox of the wealthy is found many a worthless security. Strange to what strict accountability we hold certain hours and occasions, to what little others. Nature teaches us that importance is no more at the point of climax than in the periods of approach and recession: her equal solicitude for all stages and participants is a gospel of social encouragement and cheer.

Frequently are obstacles a furtherance. Instead of delaying us, checks may be contributive factors, adverse conditions but inciting us the more—even as stolen pleasures are sweetest. Nothing would make us impatient if we realized the opportunity afforded for discipline; in the dark mine of discouragement is obtained our gold. Purpose persists: if successful, we are led on; if thwarted, push on. Our mistakes build foundations for more massive constructions. It is the

mind's reaction upon the data of former attempts that achieves. A misstep admitted is a step taken; regret is of happy augury. So circuitous is development that to attainments seemingly within reach, endless preliminaries of experience may be necessary—a forty years' wandering before entering the promised land.

Of the vast ocean of humanity what a small part are the wave-crests that catch the attention and excite our comment. The romance of middle age and of the commonplace, the rank-and-file heroism, the middle-class steadiness and tenacity, the submerged millions of toil—these make up the bulk of well-being and the generality of happiness. How much praise is bestowed upon the positive virtues, how little upon the negative—what a eulogy could be made of what we are not!

Curiously amiss are men's standards of preferment—by our appreciations need their inverted codes to be set straight. So far from being synonymous are success and merit that judgment has always to remind itself of the difference. In morality's any one mandate is the whole moral hierarchy at stake. The humbler the rôle, the deeper devotion to duty evinced. Not less but more credit deserve the stupid to whom the work comes hard, who persist against self-odds. If our part be small, so much the greater our loyalty to the cause to which we contribute so little. The menial task takes loftiness of soul to its

performance—only idealists are fitted for day-labor. Who is it that has made of success a *sine qua non*?; is not failure an equally good field for showing indifference to it? Instead of acclaiming the pushing, the powerful, the prosperous, how if we acclaimed the patient, the retiring, the high-purposed—if we rewarded qualities instead of abilities; if education inculcated them, if social prizes awaited them? On the contrary, how despicable often the indicia of social prominence: the undue possessions, the selfish scale of living, the ignoble scorn of one's fellow-men, that rather should be branded as hoggishness and held in contempt than had in honor. As on shipboard those who pace the deck little think of those below in the stoke-hold, so is the showy world of gratification and aggrandizement. To what purpose all this movement of life, the event of the world, the activities of mankind, save only the development of a noble-hearted, happy humanity—of the human soul divine?

In the struggle of life, oh, the hateful qualities that win, the winning qualities that lose! At the last trump how shall all the unassuming and unself-seeking come into their own of exaltation and coronation. As war kills off the flower of the race, so lives the sleek world of prosperity largely a degenerate survivorship. The prudent, the cautious and therefore careful remain; the generous, self-forgetting, and therefore careless are mowed down by death.

Ever must impartiality be on its guard against the event's duress, the undue influence of a happy issue. Many a lost cause was the right one. The fortunate result might often have been reached through means far superior to those which it is thought to vindicate—their outcome still leaving their excellence arguable. Triumphs attributed to force could so many times have been attained more easily and sweepingly by peaceful influence and persuasion. Mild methods are potent—on earth is there nothing stronger than reasonableness and justice, sweetness and light. To invoke coercion before the preliminary trial of these is to show oneself optimistically faint-hearted, and to invite the lesser rather than the greater victory. Did not the most successful of all lives go down in ignominy and defeat?

Of our acts are the causes too remote in origin to make exact justice possible or personal punishment fair. Any careful assignment of responsibility would follow factors back to the beginning of time and the outmost bounds of existence. The whole creation is a proximate cause—each act implicit in the general constitution of things and imputable thereto. One has only to widen his conception of causality to excuse everything. What jury of psychoanalysts would ever convict? The strongest plea for the defense is the pity of mankind. Our "true bills"—should they not read against the state? Might not at the door of society be laid the misdeeds of its members?

## WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

IT IS part of the instinct of self-preservation to appraise things according to their personal bearing upon us—it is the part of an emancipated judgment and of heroism to disregard this. Shall we cast truth in the mold of our confining thought and not rather expand our thought to its dimensions? To brood over ills is to be a stagnant inlet into which the fresh sea of life no longer enters. How foolish to demand existence on other terms than its own: the fortunate are those who appreciate their good fortune. We win the small prizes by strife, the great by perceiving them: of our very heart's desire often are we deprived through blindness to its possession. What one takes for granted might as well not be.

Gratification seeks ever further to satisfy itself, but contentment is an increasing sufficiency. Oh, the convex lens through which we see what we haven't, the concave through which what we have. In the lock of life whether the waters be raised or lowered to the surrounding level, equally do we attain equanimity. The unhappy man is simply one who has not yet learned to balance wishes and possibilities.



Duties are specific, but desires, being composites, are difficult of satisfaction: because saving us the dilemmas of choice is necessity often happier than to have our way. As in nature there is no remotest nook or cranny or unlikeliest condition where life, in some form, is not maintainable, so finds every lot its sufficient joy. What is common to all so far exceeds what is special to few, how amazing that the world should madly run after the latter. The fastidious forego oftentimes the essentials: below their branching divergence meet all lives in a single stem of sustenance.

Aversion is maladjustment. If we but synchronized ourselves with events and surroundings, how much discontent might be avoided. By the warm welcome of acceptance we turn all that comes into friend: let us show the universe wide hospitality, would we enjoy its whole benefaction. Undone duties dance before our eyes like black flies and gnats that will not be brushed away. Nobly to take our ills is the true escape from them: one makes close companion of what he flees. By accepting standards we put ourselves in accord with custom: adaptation ends always in adoption. Men are "seasoned" when they have let every weather of existence mature them, the various aspects of fate trim their judgment and true their emotions. How often proves the dire confrontation an agreeable surprise. Acquiescence is a conqueror that wins the losing war.

Let us think of things as they are in themselves, not as they may be made of use to us. All is belittled by becoming copy or material or data. So far as possible let us make ourselves exponents of the universal, and eradicate in ourselves all that refracts this, and that we call individual qualities or personal feelings. Let our warmth and enthusiasm be for the large and truly desirable—which is indistinguishable from equanimity.

Thanks to those who squelch us—lash us, lop us, and so, shape us. To the pruning shears of criticism men owe their prime fruit, to the inundations of fate their rich Nile grain. The clipped-back qualities grow sturdy, and luxuriant of foliage. Let us entrust our affairs to such as are sobered by failure rather than flushed by success. Good judgment is the product of past mistakes.

Adjustment is in itself a joy: the pleasure of adaptation and conformance rivals that of self-pleasing. The impartial study of factors, the disinterested observation of laws and tendencies, these afford a satisfaction exceeding any derived from consulting personal desires, and align, ally us with the great existence in which we participate, rescuing us from the pettiness of our mere part. Even when at the expense of self is there happiness in accommodating ourselves to the necessities and welfare of the whole—we breathe a larger restfulness and permanence, feel an eternal abiding-place in the general scheme; our little

reserves give place to a wide preserve, boundless and unfenced in.

Seeing that things happen along lines and in pursuance of laws that have no reference to our special wishes, how can they help going counter to them? Yet in so doing may they none the less be contributory to our happiness. Of most events is the character either contrary to expectation or according to our reception of them—why then should we care so much what befalls? How often have we not been swept over the edge of calamity only to find ourselves in smooth waters.

## SOBRIETY

WHAT hubbub each new generation's inexperience—subsiding into the quietude, the silence, of knowledge. The leaping, tumbling surf of time, white with excitement, flattens out on the shore, and sinks back into the resurgent waters. The heat of youth has thunderstorms, but maturity is settled weather. We come to say and do things facilely when their importance no longer overpowers us—we master things when they no longer master us. How cold to us is the world we thought to set on fire. Sentiment is the just proportion of thought and emotion, sentimentality a preponderance of the latter. Alarmists are usually tyros: where the whole sky is seen there seldom lacks threat of storm in some quarter. Needless are the apprehensions aroused by the omniscient, all-seeing press. Disproportionately big bulks the moment: exactitude, now so important, is now so unimportant. Propinquity marries most people, not wide selection. To the immature is the world wholly imaginary—yet unimagined. These young bloods, flushed with sense of a greatness that will never be theirs—these lads of promise, all-uncon-

scious of the commanding part they will one day be called on to play. Now and again is the scant furnishing of youth's splendid dream borne in upon us. Why regret it when at times a world once found satisfying proves so no longer—on the contrary, how encouraging, why not rather rejoice? How empty was overflowing youth only the fulness of age finds out. By the unidealized years are the ideal beauties appreciated. Then is the deep enjoyment of life when we cease to splash round in its shallows.

It takes the whole truth to keep its parts in proportion: all extremes encounter their correctives. Excess of enthusiasm is sobered by the succeeding event—every success succumbs to a successor. Fear sends things lower than fact and hope raises them higher than realization—as in the stock markets so in life. Though optimism gets some pretty hard jolts, pessimism has many pleasant surprises. Elation is a wave that is bound to give place to a hollow of depression. The glowing coals of morning ash over of an afternoon. Under fulfilment are functions silent—the world's turmoil comes from the suspense thereof. Dissatisfaction seethes—satisfaction keeps quietly to itself.

Through the coarse mesh of generalization are lost the fine distinctions of each case. Questions of fact inject themselves into every dispensation of law—so simple are principles, so complex their application. Compunction, consideration, these are the distin-

guishing marks of capacious souls—it is not large to have no detail. Few things are both absolutely and relatively right: rules of action are embedded in circumstances and cannot be ruthlessly torn out or roughly superimposed. By experience is our large wisdom pared down to feasible size and shape: lofty principles are often very unwieldy in little affairs.

We see correctly only when we see relatedly: nothing is so subversive of theories as the application of them. Conclusions thought final unexpectedly reopen themselves because of conditioning factors which had been overlooked. No single truth carries us far: eye-witnesses, most reliable as to the facts, are often least so in regard to inferences from them. The conduct of life is case-law in which no one rule has more than limited applicability. The mercy that tempers justice merely admits that circumstances alter cases. Many cruelties and injustices spring from good intentions. Rigidity is in violation of the fundamental constitution of truth, which brooks neither exact statement nor strict adherence. In the planetary orbits, in the physical resultant of forces, is revealed a world of compromise—as no man liveth to himself, so no law. Existence is a universe of contacts, requiring elasticity and concession. Those who bend don't break: the round-shouldered bear the burden.

Crammed with the labor and experience of predecessors is the world that is handed down to us; let

us ask everything its reason before we condemn. The rushing, ruthless age, preoccupied with the present and turning a contemptuous back upon the past, pulls down the pillars of the temple upon its head. The impedimenta of tradition are an encumbrance that supports; without retrospect we should be as rudderless as is youth. History enables mankind to escape its repetition and go forward: through education alone are we saved from an endless chain of error. All true progress upbuilds with a minimum of pulling down, grows by addition rather than by subtraction, corrects without undoing—where possible preserves. Any page torn out of life loosens another we had not thought of. On the innovator lies the burden of proof—the do-nothings always have a *prima facie* case. The rash pick of subversion encounters bedrock of reason. We lay on conditions a blame that attaches to our own condition—our attitude toward them. Most rebellion is born of insufficient understanding, our revolutions being in fact tangents, the mere flying-off of personal idiosyncrasy.

How restful are lands where the new no longer evicts us, and accustomed surroundings are not swept away before our eyes in the maelstrom of time; but the world is one you can count on, the date a small thing in the eternity of existence. Amid their continuity is one less sensible of the passing years. Having converse with the ageless we feel never old. The world of make-believe is to the reminiscent the world



about them: in clairvoyant moments of memory, when the past in all its vividness is recalled, the unreality of other days is superseded by the unreality of these. Almost, at such moments, we doubt our identity, and the present is subjected to an acid test of valuation. Look, from this ancient chateau-hill—the fruit-trees in blossom, the bees, the children at play in the streets of the old town below; and over and around them all the unchanging sea and sky, mountains and shore—the crest of time dancing on eternity's ocean.

Unto the heart of nature bring your new griefs that are humanly so old a story. With how much more convincing voice speak its expanses and genialities than any indoor consolations. For stimulus, for correction, suffices the open air world in whatsoever aspect—there needs only enough change to avoid monotony. How can any anxiety or self-importance of purpose survive in presence of its immense equanimity?

## THE TRUE ATTAINMENT

OF every ideal is circumstance the snake in the grass. Promise is by nature infinite, but realization is a noon of satiety and despondence. Spiritual delight comes only of spiritual tenure—the material drives it away. Things are at first full of their absolute meaning: as they acquire their relative, they fade. How many a gallant hope has split on the rock of definiteness. Through their consummation we straightway reduce all our dreams to burnt out disillusionment.

The only prize is one we can never win. Endeavor gains its purpose but loses its point of view. Success must be reconciled to see many former importances belittled, many former joys turn to dust and ashes. The changes in life are chiefly in ourselves: there is as great tragedy in what we fall away from as in what falls away from us. Sad is the growing emptiness of existence in that the erstwhile world no longer fills it—in itself, however, is it a new roominess, easily filled.

Contentment is not renunciation but full attainment. The lesson taught us in childhood to look at

things in the shop-windows without wanting them remains the lesson for happiness through life. Prosperity is a sunlight that is often pleasanter to look out on than to be in. The valley makes the mountain. Unwittingly we rejoice in such as we may envy, since they lend substance to our hopes. The suitable partner is not our similar but our counterpart, a possessor of qualities which we lack. The plains find exhilaration in the mountains, the mountains in the plains; city and country, each thinks the other exceptional.

The differences that circumstances assign us are so beside the mark of actual happiness! In a sphere mainly unaffected by these lie the real satisfactions of existence, therefore mainly independent of them. In the inner lives of the man of wealth, the successful genius, the poor artist, the obscure worker, think you there are the gradations of lot which their outward conditions imply? Tear off the mask of prosperous evil, and you find misery; look well into the face of neglected worth, and you find peace. If but the true basis of happiness were realized, how much less ambition and heart-burning there would be. Fortune repeats the truth underlying the mediæval system of the "three estates" which beneath superficial distinction of station postulated a fundamental commonalty of existence. Let us likewise accept the place assigned us, recognize the caste of fate, concede the inevitableness of the differences that divide us,

knowing these of little bearing upon the essential equality of our lot.

How fair is the moment if, instead of despairing for the impossible, we expect the probable and welcome the actual. The overlooked good that we have—how much it would mean if lacking; why should its possession make us so unappreciative? The longed-for good that we lack—how little it would mean if we had it; why should its refusal so fill us with regret? Let us turn away from the shadow of what is withheld and exult in the sunlight of what is accorded; only let us lift up our heads and the king of glory shall come in.

## LIFE AT THE BONE

OH, how we defeat happiness by its collateral search. Freely is joy given if taken where offered and not sought for elsewhere. Hopes are not dashed unless unduly raised—what disappointments expectation piles up for us. The joy of existence is indigenous—a free gift, an unearned increment. Instead of wishing our dreams to come true, let us wake to the delights round about us. Romance blinds us to a more beautiful reality. As art is self-rewarding in that it sees, not seeks, the beautiful, so is all right living not a search but a finding. Life, however empty, is to those who perceive overflowing. Happiness is not a something in but a quality of existence. Lo here, lo there, it calls, yet is it found nowhere—save at our door.

Too much are things treated as counters instead of themselves containers. Earth cries up to us, "See, I am leaf and flower, not mere dead matter!" But little of life is led for its own sake—rather than for others' opinion. Purpose is a postponement of happiness: we attain our object but forfeit our day. Are not the means often as great an end as any to which

they are the means? A Creator solely interested in outcome would not have interposed incidents; concerned solely with arrival, would not have self-imposed a journey. The most glorious of achievements consists only of the daily, hourly quality of the component act. A life, to be really successful, must be happy in the process as well as in the result. Mine be the reward of the work itself, not that of the world's praise or payment. One should so live that at least he has the enjoyment of it, whether or no some further recompense be superadded. Ambition is quenched less by its frustration than by an ever-increasing sense of its futility. The future demands of us not the sacrifice of the present but a fuller living of it.

Stop, don't overlook. Derive pleasure from the proximate. Let us form a why-go-further club. Instead of hurrying through all we do, how if we tried to spend as much rather than as little time as possible upon it—tried to do it as perfectly and thoroughly and lovingly as possible regardless of aught beyond? So soon will life be over, let us at length see what it really is; let us live as those who are about to lose life. These unregarded moments—how never to be regained! Does the past differ from today because we attribute to it qualities it did not possess or because today possesses qualities we do not perceive? Artificially have we to provide opportunities for what is normally incident to life itself: each

act entertains angels unaware, each moment is a road to Emmaus.

Time's wealth is to those who turn its refuse to use: our count is made up of the days we do not count. "Going to" never gets there: how can life contain what the day does not? Purpose says "Stand and deliver;" if we wait for pastmastership, we overstay energy—past is the mastership indeed. From stray fields we cull our wisdom, and from limited experience derive a universal comprehension. Not always is the better place worth the further search—far more is lost often in seeking suitable conditions than is found on attaining them. True religion transforms the future dream into a present reality.

Intrinsic motives are ever the most impelling: from the inside, not from the outside, is the matter accessible. Self-advancement is a treadmill that leaves us stationary, but self-realization a current that carries us forward. Thirst for fame, desire for wealth or position, not only fail of life's intrinsic excellence but rob of its inherent happiness. The early bird gets the worm—and he is welcome to it. Instead of trying to get ahead of others, why not of ourselves? Though few can be great, all can make themselves inwardly so—which is the straightaway road to greatness.

What confidence inspire those who give reasons rather than state opinions. Whenever the portrayal



of life precludes the normal living of it, the result is bound to lack warmth and color and truth. How much more picturesque are the primitive pursuits than any social artificiality. Integral beauty needs no adornment; elocution is never eloquent. The intent do what fulfils, not prefers them: though praise adds incentive, it subtracts power. Ambition climbs, worth lifts to its level. Where merit is not superficial, we are in no hurry to show it: unworthy of the honors and rewards are those who strive for them. A pale half-light is every pretence: who is not glad to drop affectation once he feels he can afford it? Like icebergs we rise no higher than our depth—our hidden, our "buried life" supports every elevation of character or lofty thought.

All great things are simple, therefore is the approach to them a process of simplification. Proportionate to the complexity of affairs is the need to avoid complications in dealing with them: cleanest of underbrush is the tall timber. Thought crystallizes under pressure; only through the transparency of simplicity is seen the truth. The ordeal takes its place unostentatiously among life's orderly series. Perfectly simple always is the great word or occasion.

Those who have everything find their pleasure in something so exceptional as to be precarious, those who have nothing in something so universal as to be certain. The common daylight and mere existence are sweets that abide with us to the end. Let ours

be that residual minimum of dependence which no sheriff of time or ill-fortune can levy on, nor fate's summary proceedings reach. Endangered are all the stays of life save only the spiritual: favors or exemptions on which we had counted are suddenly withdrawn, leaving us exposed to the common lot. All our sense of superiority melts in a sea of humility.

I do not want anything that can be taken from me; only what nor life nor death can deprive me of; nothing the loss of which I would feel; only rock-bottom things. What is there such? Quality, character, soul. These alone. I would desire nothing the failure to obtain which will be a disappointment, set my heart on nothing that is uncertain—only upon sure consequences, effects, rewards. What are these? Again quality, character, soul. Only these. Whoso depends on other goods or looks to other ends puts happiness at risk and lays himself open to sorrow and grief, discouragement, despair. But for him who values and seeks only these, there is no possibility of mischance or frustration. Let us live in security, not in fear; in peace, not in jeopardy. "O Lord, in thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded."

## DETACHMENT

WHATEVER part of us has not material object or temporal purpose for its occupation has already put off mortality and is free to survive bodily existence. Immortal are we in so far as we identify ourselves with that part. Those who love what is always and everywhere and for all are not only fate-free and cosmopolitan, but sempiternal. Death removes only what is unlivable—eternal youth consists in preoccupation with the unaging. One does not gain absolute measures until the relative cease: in the severance of close ties are attained the universal. Life's losses enrich us—we possess ourselves more and more fully as possessions depart. One dies with those to whom his life had reference—so embedded in his existence had they become that their taking off undermines its whole structure, making itself felt in every ramification of thought and memory and activity; till at length one contains only what has reference to the everlasting. The background of life grows and grows; the foreground, that at first occupied the entire field of vision, fades from sight. We live in eternities—heaven is indeed our home. No

wonder men believe themselves immortal. Quality emerges from mass, form from its fluctuations, entering into an independent existence. Under our disintegrating gaze concretes crumble. The world becomes peopled with principles—abstractions constitute our only realities.

There is for us no eternity until there is developed within us the eternal being. Those associated with ideas live, those associated with things die—we pass with that with which we are identified. Men seek refuge in the immediate from the fears of the ultimate—in the ultimate from the cares of the immediate. Unless life is a continuing joy to us despite the disappearance of the circumstantial world as we knew it, how shall we relish the absolutism of eternity? The emancipation, the enlargement, the permanence that emerge from the waning of the world—are not these a foretaste, a test of fitness? Life were indeed a diminishing proposition, did it not add as much as it subtracts. It is not being old that we mind, so much as being considered so.

All experience is a weaning of self from surroundings, a separation of absolute values from relative settings. The enduring suffers continual eviction from its ephemeral embodiment; life paints on cobweb. Across the waves, the ups and downs of circumstance, ever calls the soul to some sea-going steadiness. Stowed away in our work, in our written word, is all our large essential self, and no one who

does not meet it there has longer any real intimacy with us, or indeed contact whatsoever.

In the subjective drama that is life what part after all does the objective side play save to serve as stage-setting? However much men seem to be dealing with a material world, they are actually living in a world of ideas. Even physical enjoyments are to a great extent spiritual, having some imaginative connotation. Though means may be material, ends are not. Poetry and music and all the higher pursuits and ideals of life exemplify the immaterial nature of it. Literally is this ideal world in which we spend our existence a spirit world, a world free and clear of tangibilities. More substantial is it than aught apprehended by the senses. Though in particulars and features resembling the phenomenal counterparts, in essence is it of a different character, existing in a sphere beyond reach of their vicissitudes, a serene, sun-lit region above their clouds. Once they have been spiritually worked, material objects do not, as we say, pass out but are perpetuated. We transmute our flesh and blood into ideas and ideals, thus giving them an extended existence.

The mind is not tenant to the brain but landlord. By it are the cerebral chambers furnished—the report of the senses is there clothed with sensation and thought. The eyes do not let the world in but the soul out: we see mentally not visually, as is shown in hallucinations, as well as by the insane. Though

consciousness may be occasioned in the brain-cells, it is not there created, but is of such a nature that its fate is not necessarily linked with theirs. You who deny the mind's survival, can you tell me of its origin? If not, if that is unknown, how predicate its end? Materialists would have longevity increase as life descends the scale, ascribing to the organic a lesser endurance than to the inorganic. So tentative in assertion, science is yet so positive in denial. Never while the mystery of life remains, need the hope of immortality be abandoned: it really takes as much credulity to believe in death as in the denial of it.

These mental concepts and ideals of mine are resident not solely in the body-located brain-mind but have a universal existence, an immaterial locus—like music that exists apart from its performance. Spiritually are we not individuals but participants: the spirit, at present divided among persons, is essentially a total, devoid of personal separation. There is in men such identity of consciousness as to argue it one great whole, such community as to argue that so long as mankind continues men severally continue—or rather so long as God does. This larger self, to which in quiet we refer experiences and appeal our questions, from which as from an exhaustless reservoir we draw our powers, this “God in whom we live, move and have our being,”—this is the great entity through participation in which we know ourselves both un-

limited and unending. On other terms of survival we cease to insist save continued contact with the great things of the soul: that we re-meet upon that plane those who here have stood on that plane—that our lives may there lead their eternal entirety that have here led only their ephemeral part.

Not till existence accumulates a past does it acquire a future—the more the consciousness contains the more cognizant is it of continuance. The primitive believe in a future life, the spiritually developed in the continuity of this one. Amid the temporary we rate ourselves temporary, but amid immortal purposes and beauties we recognize our immortality. In contemplation of the ideal is felt the stir of deathless wings.

Through cleaving to the heavens one becomes imponderable. Against his potential evil is each one's ideal his best possible protector—the discomfiture of the fiend lies in confrontation with its god. Those who walk in the spirit not only do not fulfil the lusts of the flesh but are not aware of them. We volplane to earth when the motor stalls. The terrors of life are to such as face not its glory—the fear of death is not in the heart of heroes. Scorn surmounts. Occupied in its immortal contents the mind is oblivious of bodily vicissitudes and lives a freedom therefrom. The sentence of death is suspended for those who flee the sphere of its operation; no longer earth-bound are those caught up in the celestial currents.



## WORLD WITHOUT END

THE past confronts—not gone is the bygone but on-coming. Before us like a cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night, goes the holy of all that is behind. The present does not recede into a past, but advances into a future; day's sunset westward is eastward a dawn.

We speak of reminiscence as a looking backward, but in reality it is a bringing forward, a making re-live, a perpetuation. Thus is death an apotheosis. What the mind remembers constitutes the background of thought, the basis of experience, giving perspective and proportion to present-day phenomena and events. To dwell in imagination is to live a sublimated memory, as in a photograph still shines the sunlight of a forgotten day. Recognizable in the countenance of every ideal future are the lineaments of some dear past. Every man becomes a conservative as his life begins to look backward. By the mind is the seriatim of time coördinated; in the stack of memory are stored the voluminous years.

Even more inescapable than the present is the past. On fellowship of hopes at first are founded our com-

panionships, but later on fellowship of memories. The world as we initially knew it remains for us ever the norm, the *status quo ante*, to which we refer all subsequent events—as the truth is ascribed to the latest teller of it if the first to us. So backward looking the mind, so forward moving the moment. Reversion, not to the type but to the early inculcated, is the trend of mankind. The mother need not fear the loss of her children's love, knowing that she is the background of their minds and will live in their thoughts forever. We forget that every one, however radical, revolves in an orbit round some past, some tradition he lives true to, that keeps him from being as centrifugal as appears. The golden dreams, seen by the young prospectively, are by age seen retrospectively. Oh, the diapason appeal of the old days, the treble of today! Memory is a salmon that leaps the rapids of time: the dead, not the living are alive. How precious those in whom live the traditions—the present is such a small part of what is. "What's the use bothering with the old," mortality seems to say, "when about us all this young on-surgng life?" But oh, the callowness of this, the rich maturity of that. Not the hurtling days are the clods that bury deep the past, but the unconcern, the irreverence, of a generation that knew not Joseph.

Transitoriness makes eternal: things that endure cannot awaken the echoes of reminder that immortalize them. Only that is past that we forget. To be

evergreen existence must be deciduous: death emphasizes the inseparable. The outward world is adjusted to time's flow, the inward to its eternity: by the vanishing scene are evoked dreams that are unfading. As the abstract is the abiding essence of the concrete, so from the fleeting performance emerges a lasting reality. Christ happened in time but exists in eternity. Time is a discriminator, not a destroyer, preserving what is worthy of it, eliminating what is not—sifting the essential. From the mortal days that we live through survives whatever of divinity was in them. The test of time is the great attestation: let a day pass and what is of importance? Let a generation pass and a world is wiped out. The trump of the temporal is ever sounding in our ears, bidding us pack up and be *en route* to the eternal. By the fugitive moments are called out perennial qualities, and out of mortality itself is born an immortality of being. The deathless coral of existence is built up by the ephemeral minutiae of time.

Civilization is an accumulation from the past. As well might the grass deny the ground as life disregard experience or break with historical antecedent. Each day awakens to an unfinished yesterday, and every morning takes over the functions of existence where last night left off. Soon-withering is any arrangement or doctrine that has not its roots in the soil of the past. Theorists are always sobered by the practical realities of the case—like a radical adminis-

tration on taking office. Socially as well as individually is it incumbent upon us to carry on: the world's use and wont, the momentum of mankind, these are the permanent under-secretaries of life that give it continuity despite all changes in ministerial personnel.

The universal lawgiver is custom; public opinion is the repository of the world's moral sentiment, the sole agency through which its principles gain application. No power can long go counter thereto and prevail: the course of events, under whatever autocracy, is ultimately determined by the will of the people. Our codes and systems are but a travel that follows some already beaten track, some early Santa Fé trail.

In its inevitableness lies the strength of the established. Iconoclasm simply wastes the world's heritage; an originality that questions axioms is a cosmic hold-up. Detestable is it to have the eternal verities eternally called in question. Against noisy innovation silent stability casts its unobtrusive vote: we expect revolutions and get merely reform. Slowest to assert themselves, necessity and truth are yet overwhelming. Irresistible forces do not have to be precipitate: the public order is preserved through knowledge of its reserve strength, rather than by the exercise thereof. Laws that are efficacious need no enforcement. God does not intervene prohibitively or punitively at every turn—it is enough that his

power be felt. Stability is progress: the great liner that lies motionless on the horizon—what speed it is putting forth! The fixed stars—what incredible velocity of motion!

One's own past is his real heritage and heirloom: we live the effects of our causes. Let us sow the seed of happy outcome. Pleasure takes quick profits, but the great winnings of joy are a postponed return. By repetition are we taken prisoner, and carried into unforeseen captivities: our pretty kittens of self-pleasing grow into such hateful tabbies of habit. Upon impulse one cannot rely, but principle is a steady propulsion, sustaining momentum. By the passing days is prepared our destiny, as the direction of the wind shows what weather is in store.

So much is made of the deprivations of age, so little of its accretions. If we come "trailing clouds of glory," no less do we so depart. Men are not flowers, finished when full-blown; but plants, to which bloom is but an incident to later fruitage. The mind that saps the body is itself fresh and full—youth and strength are robbed to make for it a more beautiful dwelling-place within. I may be old, but my conscious inmate is not. Every one knows that the real "I" is his consciousness, and as this is crescent, one is sensible of increase, not decrease—feels ever young. When growth ceases, we ripen. More and more as we age, we retire into an inner youthfulness: philosophy supplants the waning season with a perpetual

spring. Life is a wood that weathers, not rots. The entire optimistic and religious point of view is committed to the position that growing old is not retrogression but advance, that age is not an anti-climax but a consummation. The music of existence ends in no cadenced finale. It closes on the dominant, not on the tonic.

## THE HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS

THE world that moves us is the one we imagine, not that around us. We live in a world that has no existence—therefore the more real; sure because insubstantial. The surrounding flux touches it not, nor does time do aught to it but confirm its agelessness. Above circumstances is it in the sense that it overrides them, rises superior to their vicissitudes,—derives its worth indeed, like all true values, from ability to survive them.

As center and starting-point of our imaginative ranging how little the outward conditions count. Any abode will do as a base for our spiritual absence from it. Place of residence, so important to civic or business status, bears almost no relation to one's true existence and happiness—his spiritual status.

But for the undying things we see in life who would look for a future one—or want it? If it were merely a matter of our intelligence, our pragmatic mind, the cunning dealing with men and affairs? If it were not for the emotions and generous sentiments of which we are cognizant? With the material side of existence is there soon reached satiety, but in its



abstract spiritual beauties is found continuing zest in life.

Why should we think of some cherished experience as over because its circumstances are no more? This is to misunderstand the first principles of the nature of it. The sentiments awakened by the vanished occasion, its spiritual counterpart—these, the true substance, remain. What endears on earth endures in heaven. Never will men comprehend how heaven, being immaterial, can resemble earth until they have learned the equal reality of the world of ideas and that of the external things which evoked it—the identity of impression made on us: until they cease to test truth by contact with the senses. In conceiving a spirit's appearance as an "apparition," one loses sight of the very essence of spiritual closeness, namely, the oneness with our mind, the lack of objective separation. The doctrine of the Real Presence is not an abstruse dogma, a subtlety, an ecclesiastical fiction, but a recognition of the true nature of psychic communion; assuming no materialistic legerdemain but merely emphasizing the reality of spiritual touch. These our intimates do not leave us when they die but live on within us, a part of ourselves. Men go about, each in a measure the embodiment of old friends and companions, keeping alive their qualities and character, reënacting them under present-day conditions, in thought and deed perpetuating them. Not a reminiscence is the

close touch but an impersonation—the more unconscious, the more complete. We go onward to a great loneliness, which is in truth a great companionship, the perfect congeniality, the communion of saints, the presence of God.

All new-comers to life, all newlings of experience, join in the mad rush after outward discovery—only to their own self-discovery; having butted their heads against the walls of confinement, they find escape within. Through disillusionment are attained the lasting joys. Once we have had out our little cry over things as we would wish to have them, we settle down to grapple with them as they are. Thought proceeds, as from the particular to the general, so from things to ideas: with the years ideals replace dreams. The world is worth while only for a world found within it.

Externally is life soon canvassed but inwardly are the exhaustless possibilities of the creative mind. There is no salvation for those who remain on the outside of things—if we look to surroundings for happiness, we are doomed to despondency. Against the winter of the world must we enter some warm interior of the soul, from the outer dreariness migrate to the mind where on summer seas of consciousness life still runs high. One's philosophy needs to be commensurate with fate to cope with it: too often is optimism but a fair climate instead of a beautiful scene—all desolate and bleak when the sky is overcast. More

and more becomes the drama of life a psychological one. Religion is an intimate affair, not one that can be shared with others or professed publicly; a personal experience. From without cometh no help—the hills to which we lift up our eyes are those of an inner range. The aspiring summits of the mind refresh the arduous day and rest the waning eye of evening, growing ever more distinct of outline.

Abstraction gives us to roam an uncircumstanced earth and to tread on clouds. The enlargement of life is to be sought in its spiritual expanses: not through the eyes but in thought are found the freedom, the escape, we looked for. Sight, unless skyward, is a tedium: unendurable are its accustomed streets and countrysides. Our wide domain is the intensive life; in the imagination lie the unexplored continents. The mind is man's great future adventure—infinity its western sea; inward the course of empire takes its way.























